No. 174
April '75
33230

MAD

IND

OUR PRICE
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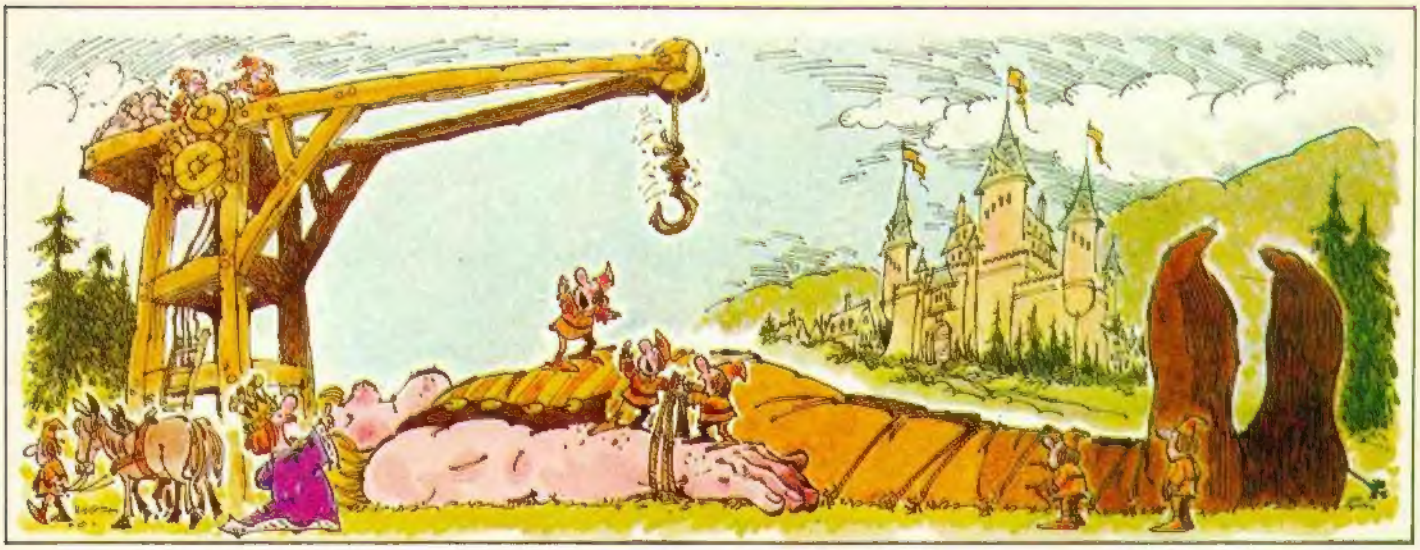
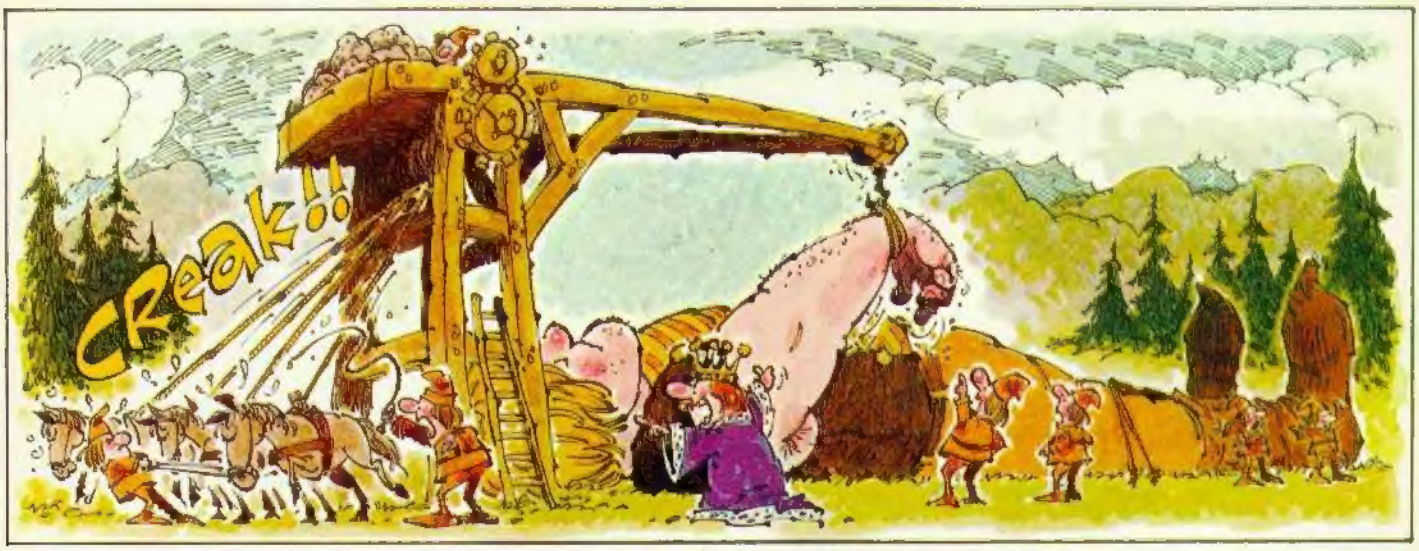
CHEAP

IN THIS ISSUE WE BLAST "DEATH WISH"

Gulliver's Travails





ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: DON EDWING

NUMBER 174 APRIL 1975

MAD

"The women who go around wearing padded bras, false eyelashes and phony wigs are usually the ones who complain, 'There aren't any real men left!'"
Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—April 1975, Volume 1, No. 174. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In U.S.A., 20 issues $10.00. Outside U.S.A., 20 issues $12.50. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1975 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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MORE MODERN FAIRY TALES Pg. 16

SOME REAL LIFE SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE Pg. 20

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THE TOMMY -RED SEED (MORE MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 42

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Yep, this offer of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid . . . suitable for framing or training puppies . . . is LIMITED! Mainly to suckers dumb enough to want to BUY one or more! So if you qualify, hurry! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3; $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 and $6.35 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

THE GREAT GASBAG

Regarding Stan Hart's "The Great Gasbag," *I* "stared at it for an hour without talking"! It was a bad enough mismatch on the screen; Mia and Robert! What a relief to move on to the *real people* in "Alfred's Poor Almanac"!

Roberta Kahn
Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

It took me three Alka-Seltzers to get "The Great GASbag" out of my system!

Andy Hanas
Baltimore, Md.

NO SANTA THIS YEAR, VIRGINIA!

That's the spirit! Obligatory gift-giving is a seasonal downer; like being whipped with a candy cane by Marley's ghost. Cheers to Rickard and the "Claus That Refreshes." A high cost of living "blessing"!

Shirl Probert
San Marino, Calif.

As a Business student at my state college, I was thoroughly disgusted at your "vile" attempt to take "commercialization" out of Christmas.

Paul Hooson
Portland, Oregon

DON MARTIN'S NATURAL HISTORY

I agree with the Director filming "Don Martin's Natural History Movie: The Great Golden Eagle"! A *real bird* is needed for the part. However, don't replace the field mouse. He showed a lot of acting savvy and camera presence!

Merete Stensig
Copenhagen, Denmark

MAD SOLUTIONS TO DOGGIE-DO PROBLEMS

Al Jaffee's "MAD Solutions To Big City Doggie-Do Problems" is an exquisitely appropriate ridicule of the thoughtlessness of too many dog owners.

Bennett Bade
Denver, Colo.

It was dog *gone* funny!

Sheldon Boren
Fallbrook, Calif.

When my dog saw Mr. Jaffee's anti-do device, the Snap-On Tail Bag, he couldn't contain himself!

Brad Seibel
Washington, Pa.

I thought that one was a *real* stinker!

Chris Rozek
Glendale, Wis.

Jaffee wouldn't have such great bodily control, either, if *he* wore a dog collar and leash!

Greg Hamilton
Omaha, Nebr.

I had my secretary make copies of it which I mailed anonymously to all of my neighbors and their dogged "sausage" generators!

Eli Barnett
Marblehead, Mass.

Jaffee is great at *that* stuff!

Kirby Beranek
Dunedin, Fla.

Jaffee's inventive word which denotes stepping into dog-do is a shoe-in! If the "glitch" fits, wear it.

Timmy Marek
Bethany, Okla.

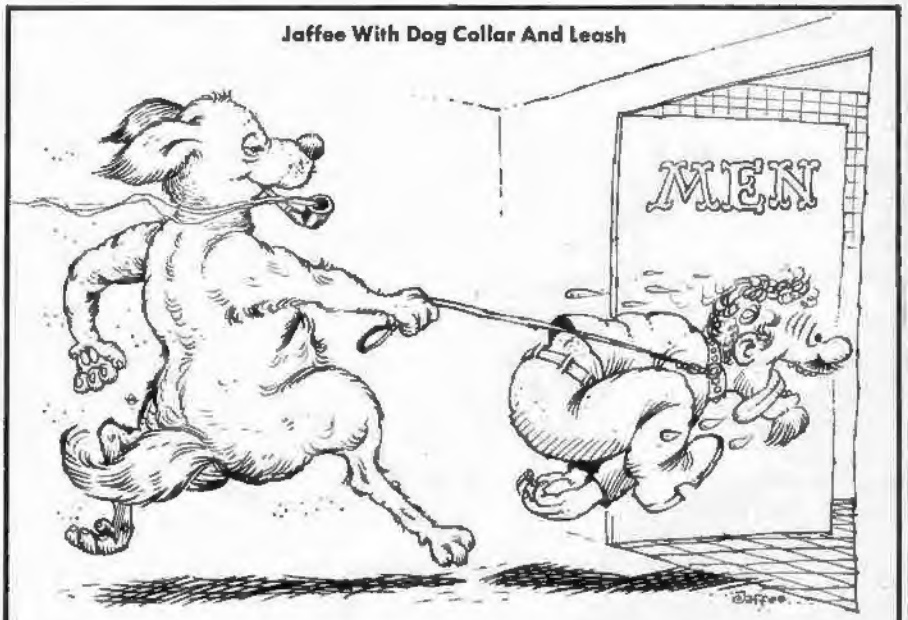
Eecch! That disgusting article gave me the seven year "glitch"!

Barry McCollum
Alton, Ill.

Your "glitch" article was long over "do"!

Steve Holland
Roanoke, Va.

Jaffee With Dog Collar And Leash



ALFRED'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Thanks for the timely inflatable Christmas tree concept as detailed by Norman Mingo on your #172 cover. I went into production immediately and I've sold thousands as of December 1st. My fifteen years of perusing MAD *finally* paid off!

Hames Ware
Overnight Success, Ltd.
Pine Bluff, Ark.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF STAYING YOUNG

Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Staying Young" gave me permanent laugh wrinkles.

Phillip Kopp
Seattle, Wash.

SO WHY NOT PARDON HITLER!

I am nutty enough to enjoy much of the MADness in your publication. BUT...the back cover which equates the responsibility for covering up a bungled burglary of a hotel room with responsibility for the deaths of fifteen million human beings (give or take a few million) is really a scream. How old is the idea man for this great gag?

James H. Noble, M.D.
Lynwood, Calif.

So why not... PARDON MAD!

Richard Blitz
Fair Lawn, N.J.

A DOWNER IS . . .

"A Downer Is..." talking your mother into allowing you to buy "Playboy," but when you get to the newsstand all that's left is MAD.

Dave Davis
Asheboro, N.C.

BLUFF THAT MUGGER!

Why couldn't you clowns have run "Bluff That Mugger!" last issue, *before* I lost my pride and my pocketbook...!?

Mildred Farnsworth
Rochester, N.Y.

I *did* "Bluff That Mugger!" simply by showing him my copy of MAD.

Mary Allen
Aptos, Calif.

THE SIX MILLION DOLLARS, MAN!

Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres *and* inflation increased the value to a "Six *Billion* Dollar Man."

Todd Malgarini
Renton, Wash.

I'd give Torres and Silverstone a *hand* for their Bionic triumph but where can *I* get a replacement...?

Marcus Alvarado
N. Highlands, Calif.

Talking about "The Ten Million Ruble Woman," what do they get for a copy of MAD in Russia...?

Bud Blake
Rumson, N.J.

About ten years!—Ed.

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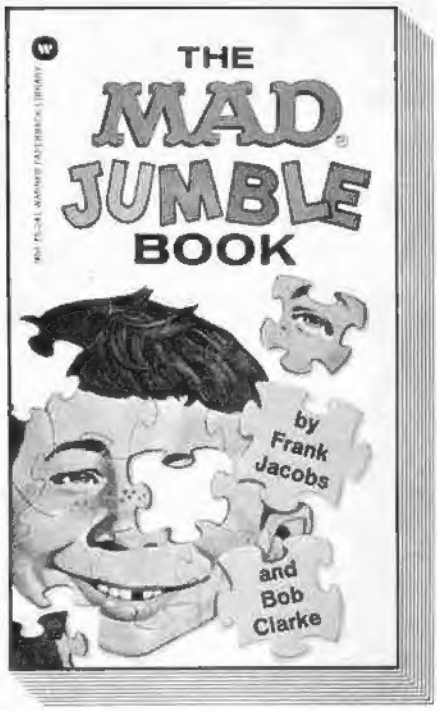

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Hey! Cool it, Man! I'm an **Undercover Policeman!**

Gi'me all your money, **anyway!** I'm an **Undercover Mugger!!**

I'll let you have a **$300 watch** for **$100!**

Okay! Let's see it!

See it? You're **wearing** it!!

I thought you said—gasp—my **money**—or my **WIFE!!**

I was getting into my **car** when someone **knocked me out** and took my **money!**

Well, I sure hope he left you **at least $15.00!**

At least **$15.00?!** What **for . . . ?**

So you can pay your **fine** for **Overtime Parking!**

JOIN THIS LIST OF DISTINGUISHED GIVERS

I GAVE

MUGGER-BUGGER DEPT.

DEAT

Because this is what it's like living in a Big City these days, audiences everywhere are whistling and cheering as they watch a current movie in which a private citizen becomes a vigilante. In fact, sick as it sounds, law-abiding citizens are actually becoming savage—

Every time I **look** at you, Pall, I get more and more **amazed!**

How come?

Because you're **fifty years old** and every day, your hairline **advances!!**

Yeah, I **still** got my **looks!**

Now, now, don't be **upset,** dear! Looks aren't **everything!**

What do you say we **make love right here?**

No, I'd rather go back to the **hotel** where we can pull down the **shades** and turn off the **lights!**

You're afraid someone might **see** us . . . ?

Yeah! Mainly, **ME!!**

Damn it! Why the **traffic jam!**

It's because of the **big demonstration!**

Oh . . . ? **What** demonstration?

The **muggers** are marching to protest the unfair use of **Travelers Checks** by the **tourists!**

TAXI

Here's a quarter! Go get a cup of coffee!

That's very kind of you, but I don't need a quarter! I have money ON me!

That's all I wanted to know! Stick 'em up!!

That's very wise! In New York City, you NEED a big dog for protection!

What protection?! Hand over all your money, or he'll chew your nose off!

Hey! They're stealing our car!!

Listen, don't get involved!

What am I supposed to do?

Think of all the gas we're saving!

EAT HERE

BAR

BOY IN COLLEGE

MORT DRUCKER

H WISHERS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

While you were away, New York has gotten even worse! You know how many rapes and muggings are committed every day?

Stop exaggerating! Whenever people live in poverty and squalor, these things happen! By the way, what's our next project?

We're building a SLUM on Tenth Avenue!

I can't wait!!

Will you have that delivered, please?

Why, of course!

Man, that's absolutely fantastic!

What? That you spotted her address?

No, that she found a Supermarket in New York City that delivers!

Y'think there's a chance that someone will recognize us?

Nahh! Who'd notice a six-foot seven-inch bald-headed nineteen-year-old?

Hello, Dad! This is your Son-In-Law, Seymour! I've got some **good** news and some **bad** news . . . !

Okay, what is it . . . ?

Well, first the **good** news! The **temperature** today will be in the **mid-seventies,** with **no chance** of **showers!**

And the **bad** news . . . ?

Mom and **Selma** got **beaten up** and **raped,** and they're in the **hospital!**

Oh, my God, Dad! This is absolutely **terrible!** It's simply **horrible!** It's . . . it's just **awful!** I mean, my God, what a **shocking thing!** Isn't it **shocking?**

Yep . . . !

I can't **believe** it! **Why them?!?**

Dunno . . . !

Hey, Dad! Why aren't you showing any **emotion?**

You're showing **enough** for **both** of us!

Mr. Krazey, I've got some **good** news . . . and some **bad** news for you! First the **bad** news! Your **Wife died!**

And the **good** news . . . ?

Her **condition** won't get **worse!**

NURSE... I'VE BEEN MUGGED.

Do you have any **leads** on the punks who killed my Wife and attacked my Daughter?

The only information we have is that **one** of them was a **six-foot-seven-inch bald-headed teenager** who lives on the **upper West Side!** It's **not much** to **go** on!

Aren't you gonna **DO** anything!

Please, Mr. Krazey! You have to **understand!** If we tried to track down **EVERY** killer, we wouldn't have time to bust up **crap games,** or **pot parties,** or illegal **stickball** games!!

Hey! Get away from that **car!**

Why? It **belongs** to **me!**

Then **why** are you **breaking INTO** it?!?

Just to keep in **practice!!**

The **best** way to defend yourself is to get **$20 worth of quarters** . . . and put them in your **sock!**

Gee . . . doesn't that make it kinda **tough** to **WALK?!?**

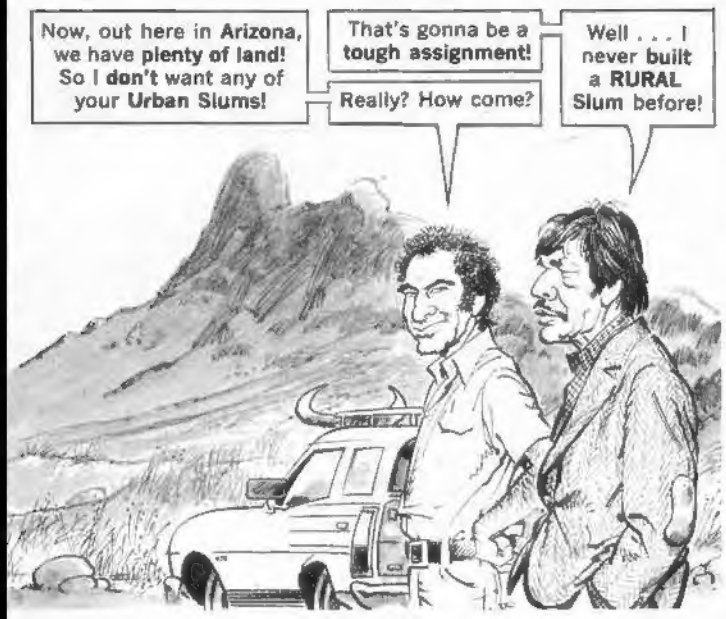
No, dummy! You keep the **sock** in your **pocket,** and when someone **attacks** you . . . **wham!** You **hit** 'im with the **money!**

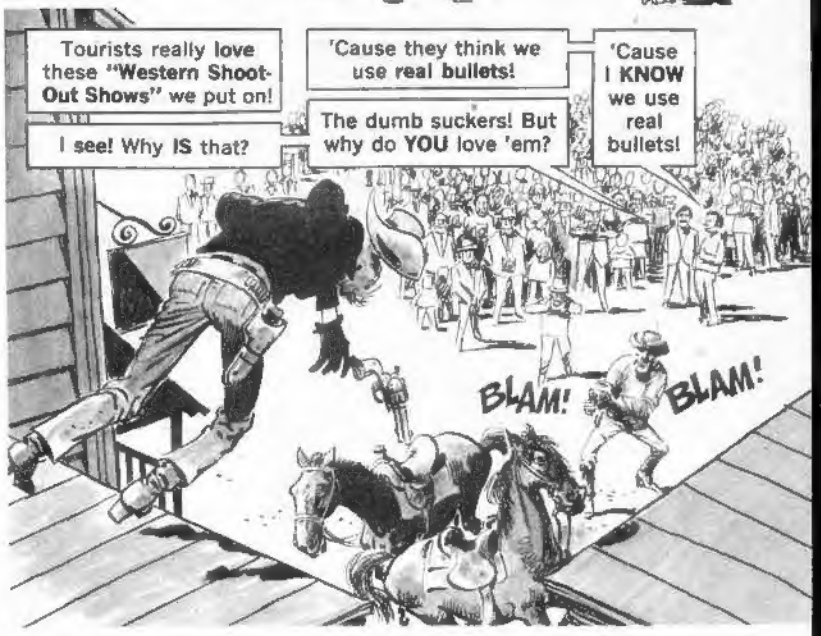
What happened? Didn't you follow my **advice?**

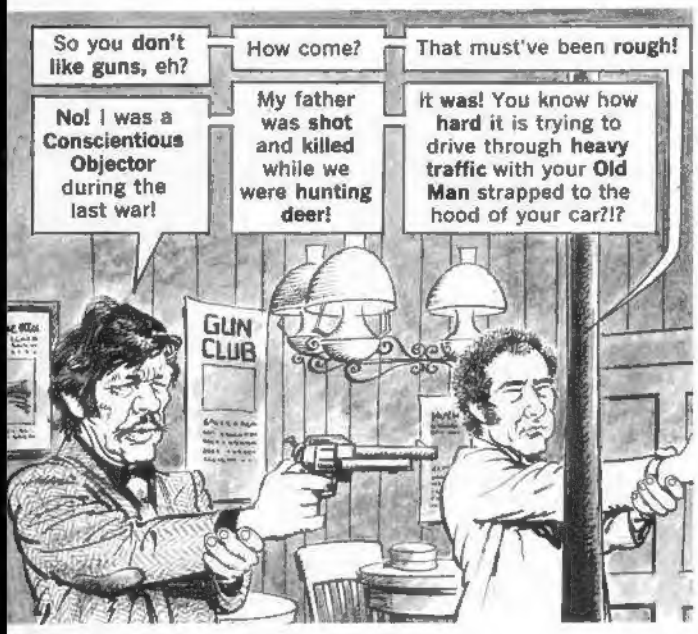
Well . . . **almost!**

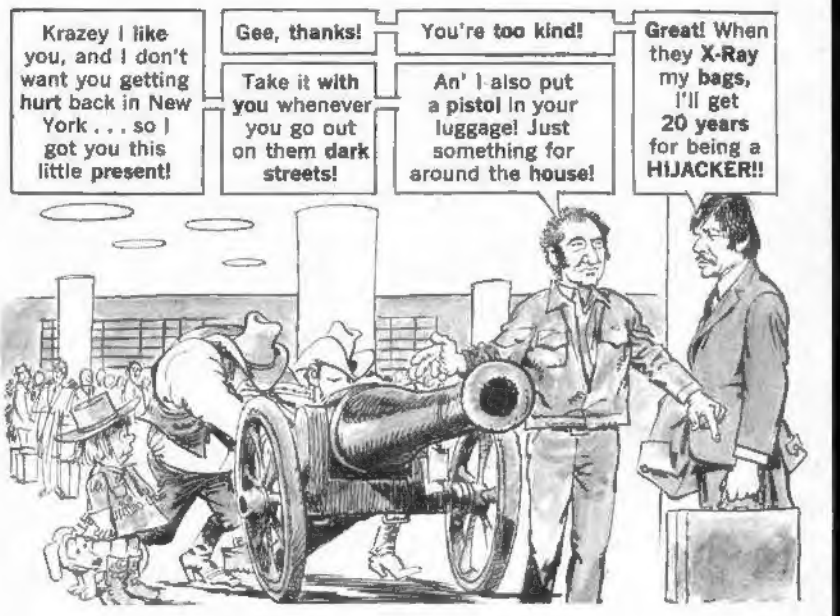
What do you **mean**— almost?!

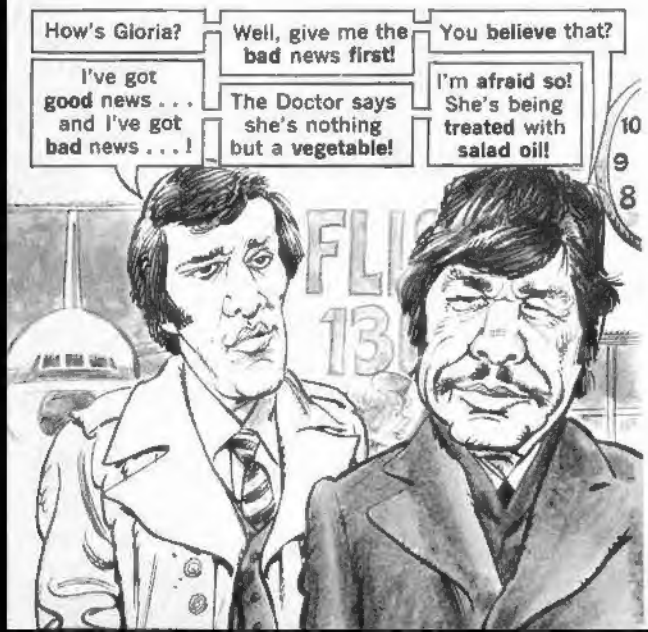
You know how **afraid** I am to carry **money** in New York! So I put a **$20 Travelers Check** in my sock **instead!** Hitting a mugger with **THAT** don't **DO** much!


Now, out here in Arizona, we have plenty of land! So I don't want any of your Urban Slums!
That's gonna be a tough assignment!
Really? How come?
Well . . . I never built a RURAL Slum before!


Tourists really love these "Western Shoot-Out Shows" we put on!
I see! Why IS that?
'Cause they think we use real bullets!
The dumb suckers! But why do YOU love 'em?
'Cause I KNOW we use real bullets!
BLAM!
BLAM!


So you don't like guns, eh?
No! I was a Conscientious Objector during the last war!
How come?
My father was shot and killed while we were hunting deer!
That must've been rough!
It was! You know how hard it is trying to drive through heavy traffic with your Old Man strapped to the hood of your car?!?
GUN CLUB


Krazey I like you, and I don't want you getting hurt back in New York . . . so I got you this little present!
Gee, thanks!
Take it with you whenever you go out on them dark streets!
You're too kind!
An' I also put a pistol in your luggage! Just something for around the house!
Great! When they X-Ray my bags, I'll get 20 years for being a HIJACKER!!


How's Gloria?
I've got good news . . . and I've got bad news . . . !
Well, give me the bad news first!
The Doctor says she's nothing but a vegetable!
You believe that?
I'm afraid so! She's being treated with salad oil!
10
9
8

I'm so lonely! I miss my Wife!
Here are the pictures we took on our vacation in Hawaii . . .

Hmm! Maybe I don't miss her that much after all . . .

Well, here I am . . . in a **park at night,** trying to attract a **mugger!** I know . . . I'll **SING!!**

I'm in the money! I'm in the money—

Okay, Mother-☆☠&★@! Gi'me all that **money** you're **in!!**

Well . . . what do you know! **It worked!**

Take **that,** you creep!

Hey! You ain't supposed to do **that!** Just my luck! I go and mug a guy who's **never been mugged before** and don't know what he's supposed to **do!**

BLAM! BLAM!

Oh, my God! What did I **do!?** What did I **do?!**

I—gaggh—I should **never** have **done** that!

I swear . . . that's the first and last time I'll ever **kill a mugger,** and then **celebrate** by having a **pepperoni pizza!**

This is **very puzzling!** I want to know **WHO shot** this mugger . . . and **WHY!**

How come the **entire Police Department** is **shook up** over the shooting of **one mugger,** but the killing of Krazey's **Wife** didn't even **bother** us?

Shut up! A question like **that** is **very destructive!**

To the **course** of this **investigation?**

No, to the **premise** of this **picture!**

Are you **muggers?**

Who wants to **know,** you **Mother-&★@☆#**

I guess that **proves** it! You know the **password!**

Uggh . . . what do you have against . . . **Free Enterprise?**

It—it's really fantastic!

What? That some **stranger** came to your **rescue?**

No . . . that none of the **neighbors** heard the **shots!**

BLAM! BLAM!

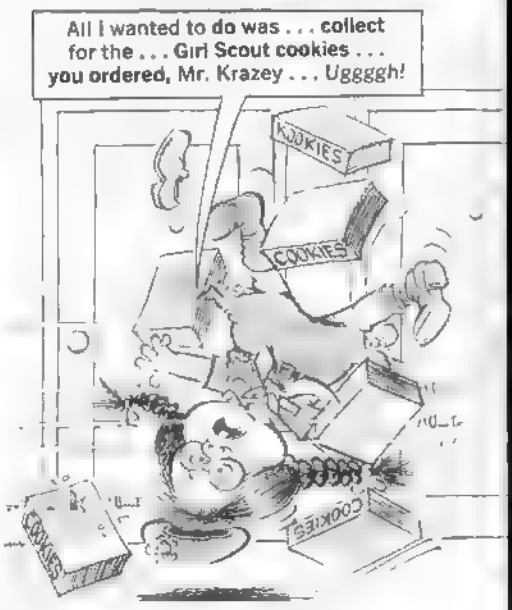
Er . . . say something!

What should I **say,** you **Mother-☆☠@!C#★**

You just said it!

I . . . I told you it wasn't safe to . . . ride the subway . . . at night! Unnnngh!
BLAM
BLAM

I'm here for your money!
Oh, yeah!?


All I wanted to do was . . . collect for the . . . Girl Scout cookies . . . you ordered, Mr. Krazey . . . Uggggh!
COOKIES
COOKIES
COOKIES
COOKIES

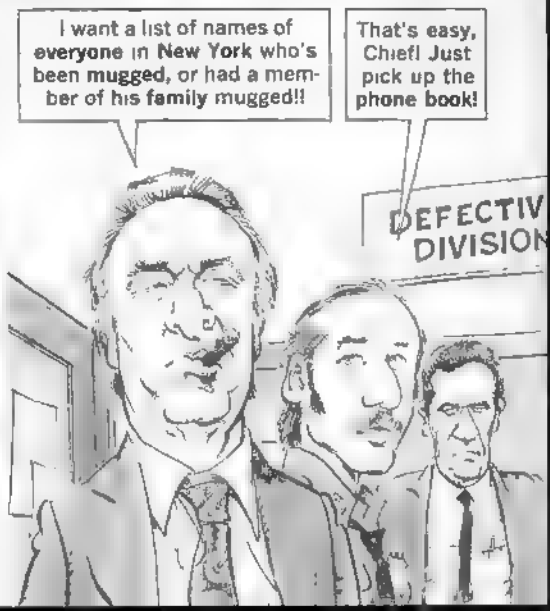
It's amazing! Since this Vigilante Killer started, muggings are down 45%! And that's not all . . .

. . . overtime parking has dropped 63% . . .
OVERTIME

. . . litterbugging has declined 58% . . .

. . . and jay-walking has dropped 73%!!
DON'T WALK

Today, inspired by the Vigilante Killer, people are starting to defend themselves . . . like Mrs. Elsie Guerrio here! How'd you do it, Mrs. G.?
I used a hat pin! When that louse tried to take my purse, I whipped this out . . . and he just ran away!
And this experience changed your entire outlook on life . . . ?
You betcha! I'm not defenseless any more! I've got me a weapon!
What about the future, Mrs. G.?
I'm gonna become a MUGGER!!


I want a list of names of everyone in New York who's been mugged, or had a member of his family mugged!!
That's easy, Chief! Just pick up the phone book!
DEFECTIV
DIVISION

That's our man! Follow him!

Gee, Chief, I'd rather not have to tail him!

That's an ORDER!!

Trying to sneak up on me, huh . . .

Unnngh! THAT's why I'd rather not have to . . . tail . . . him!

BLAM

Hey! Hold it right there, you!

Finish your sentence . . . !

. . . you—you Mother-@#&★!

You get an "A"!

Hey! You shot me!

Yeah! It only took us muggers three weeks to figure out that we could use guns, too!!

BLAM BLAM

I found this gun on him! It proves he's the Vigilante Killer!

I want you to forget about this! If the muggers in this town know we got the Vigilante Killer, they'd be back on the streets in no time!

You—you want me to file a false report?

That's right!

I have the feeling that I can't trust that Cop!

Mr Krazey, we know you're the Vigilante Killer, and we have a big problem! We want you to leave New York permanently!

Or else, you'll do what?!?

Er—that's our big problem!

But my Daughter will still be here!

So . . . ?

You're right! I never really LIKED vegetables, anyway!

NEVER AGAIN! MAYER LAHANE

Okay, all you Law Breakers! I'm leaving New York, but I'll be coming to YOUR town soon! So . . . WATCH OUT!

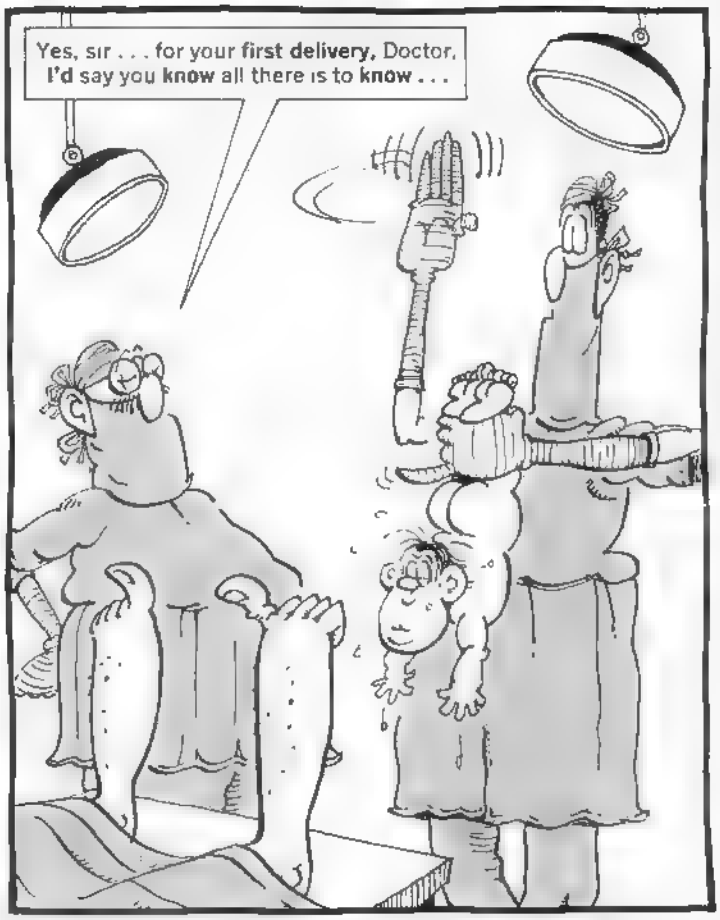
Yeah, I mean you! And YOU! And YOU!! Sure, I know you've been yelling and clapping every time I got me a mugger! But now, I'm gonna REALLY clean up this country!!

So if you creeps have any overdue library books . . . or if you dare to smoke in an elevator . . . or if you spit on the sidewalk . . . or if you try to get into an "R"-rated movie like this one without an adult . . . or even if you LOOK at me wrong . . . YOU'RE DEAD!!

GATE 4

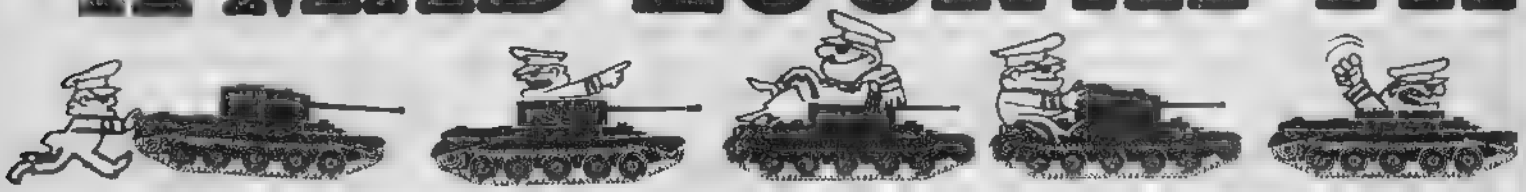
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

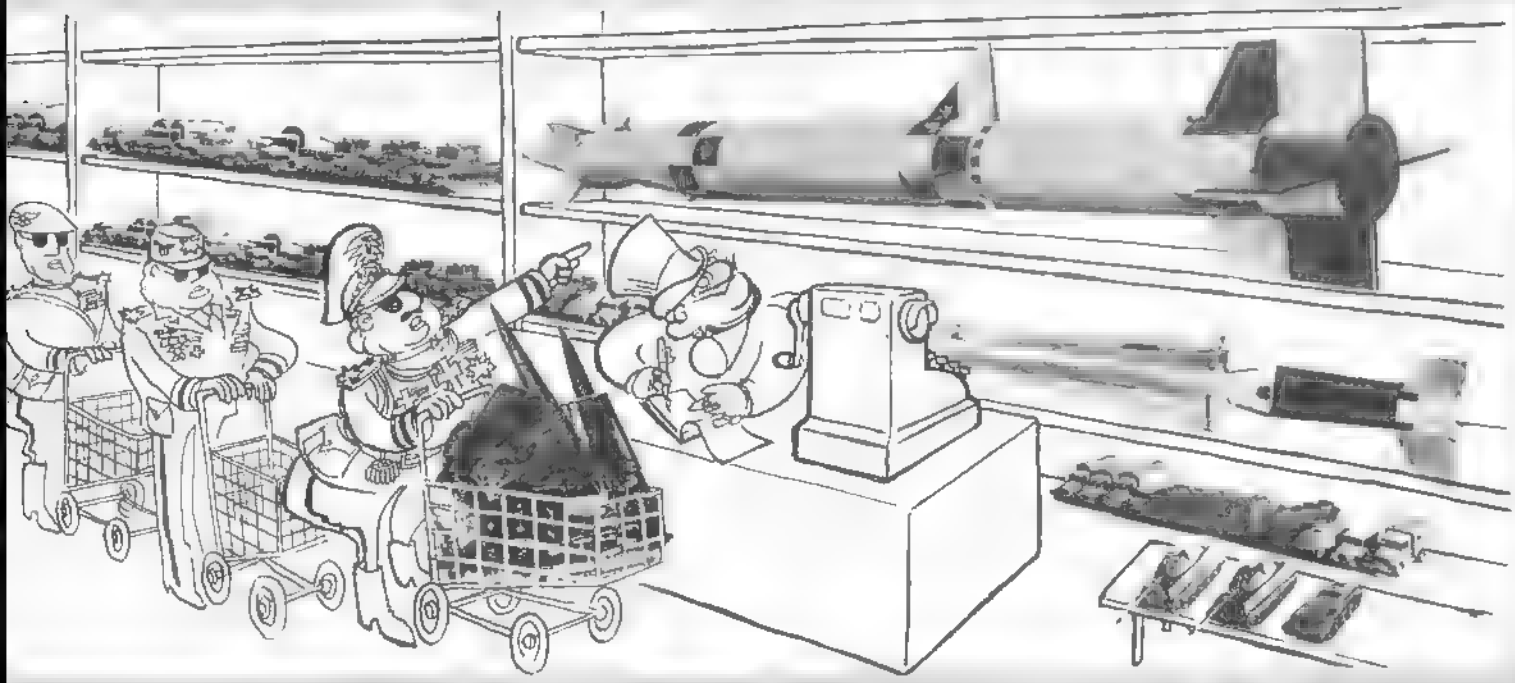
YOUNG DOCTOR FREEN



GENERAL STAFF INFECTION DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT TH

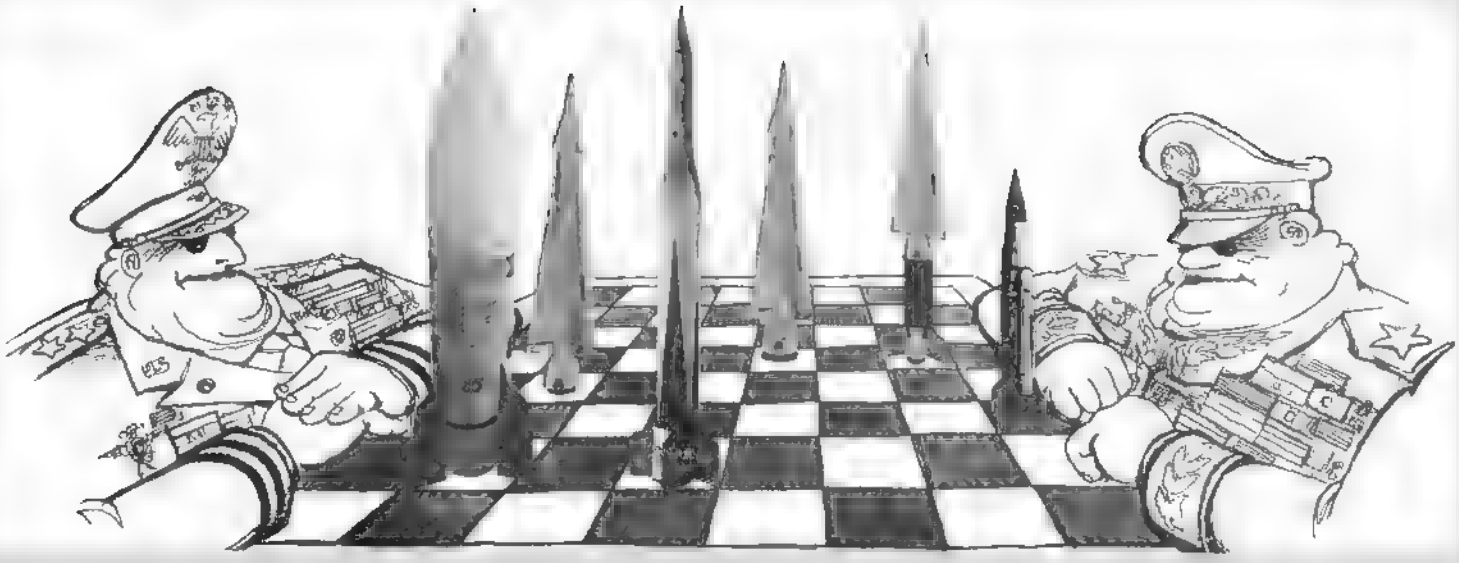




E MILITARY

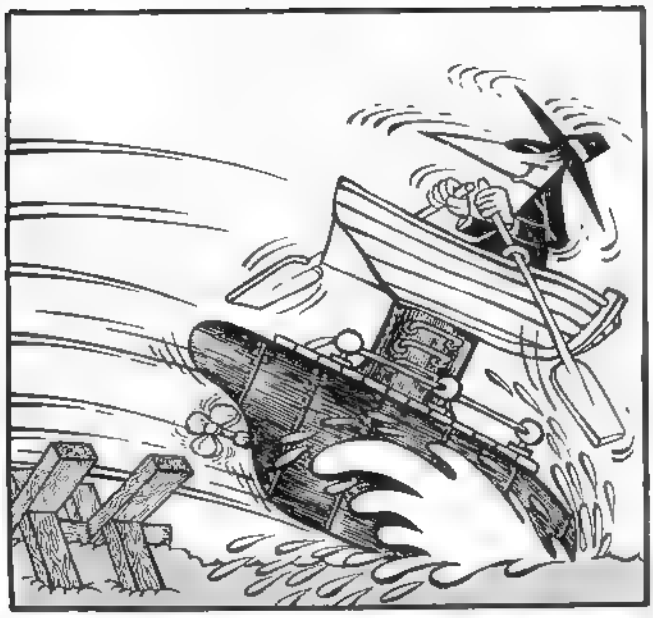
ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

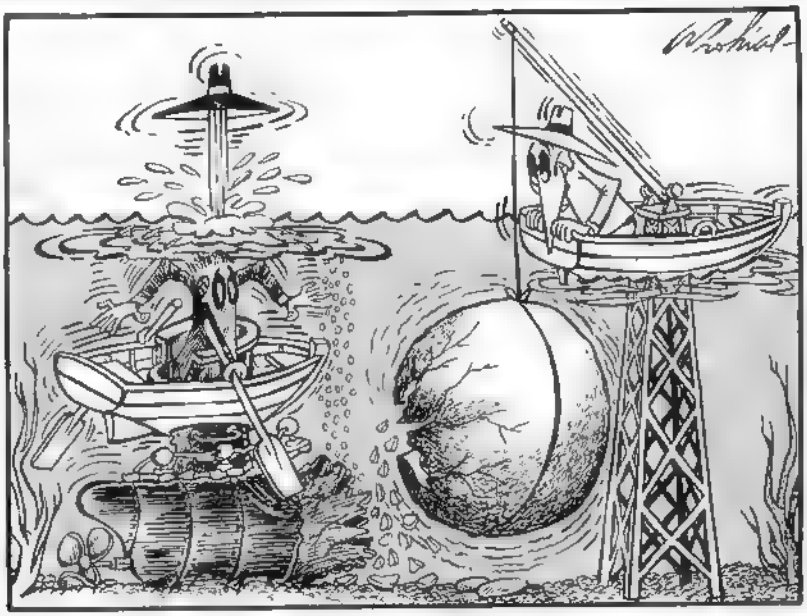
PHOTOS BY UP & W-DE WORLD



FRANCO

SPY VS SPY





Some years ago (In MAD #173 to be exact!), we noted the objections of educators and assorted authorities to traditional Fairy Tales which are filled with an assortment of dragons, wicked stepmothers and other strange creatures who indulge in murder, mayhem and other forms of anti-social behavior. At that time, we contended that even if violence and bloodshed in story books actually were harmful to impressionable

MORE "MODERN

(That Are Even More Fantastic

The Man Of The People

Once upon a time, there existed a great land filled with hard-working and prosperous people who enjoyed freedom and prosperity. Through a system called Taxation, the people paid their elected leaders, took care of the needy and sick among them, and supported an army to defend the country in time of danger.

The Law of Taxation was based on the idea of each citizen paying to the country a portion of what he had earned. A man who earned twenty gold pieces would pay one of them, a man who earned forty pieces would pay three of them, and those who earned a great many gold pieces would pay their greater shares in the same fashion.

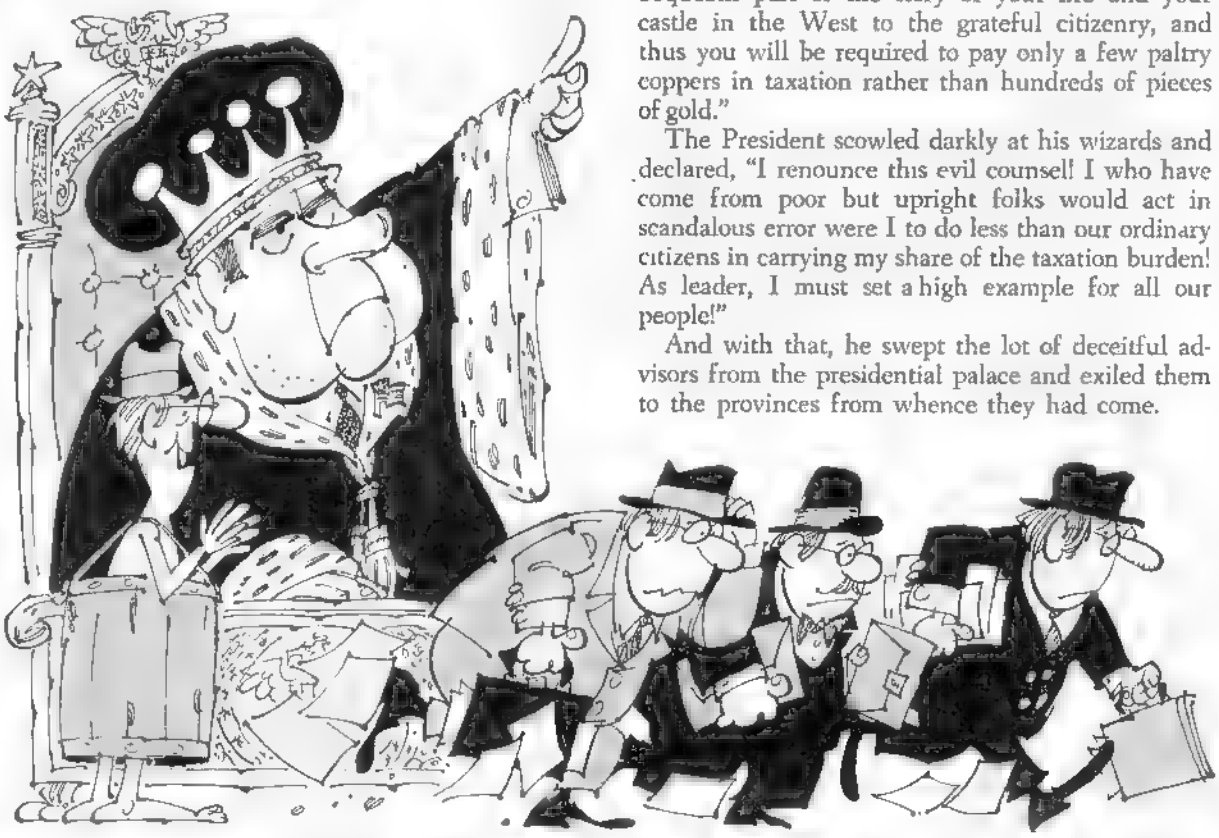
That country's highest leader was called The President, and according to a legend popular among the people, any citizen, no matter how humble his birth, could one day become President. And, in truth, this had happened more than once.

At one particular point in this country's time, there was a President who had fulfilled that legend. Of course, he was paid great sums of gold for the labors he performed in this highest office in the land. He, like the rest of the citizens, was subject to the Law of Taxation.

One day, his Council of Wizards came to him and said, "Sire, we have been studying the Law of Taxation, and if you accept our counsel, you will bequeath part of the story of your life and your castle in the West to the grateful citizenry, and thus you will be required to pay only a few paltry coppers in taxation rather than hundreds of pieces of gold."

The President scowled darkly at his wizards and declared, "I renounce this evil counsel! I who have come from poor but upright folks would act in scandalous error were I to do less than our ordinary citizens in carrying my share of the taxation burden! As leader, I must set a high example for all our people!"

And with that, he swept the lot of deceitful advisors from the presidential palace and exiled them to the provinces from whence they had come.



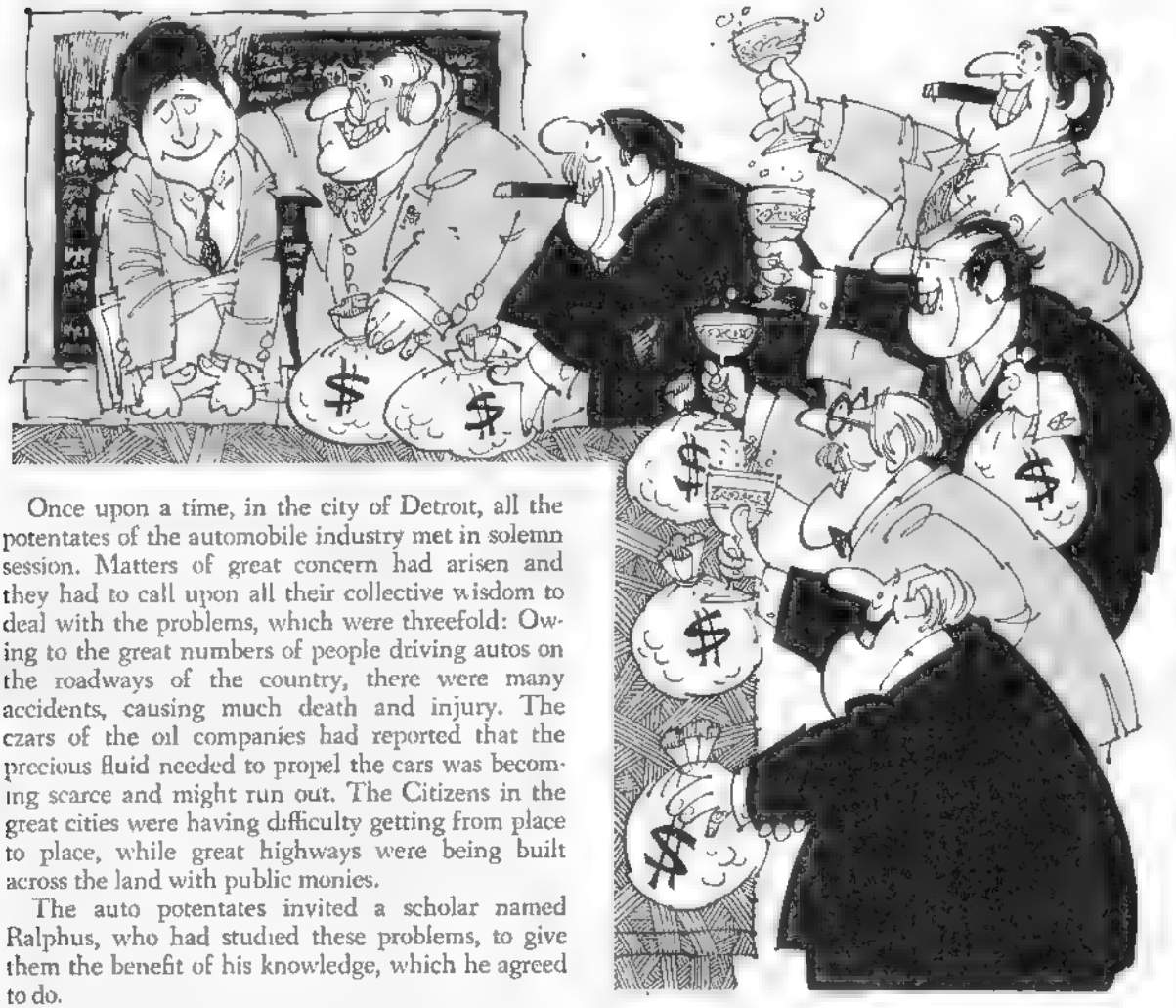
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: DON REILLY

young minds, children still need heaping helpings of "pure fantasy" in their reading diets. And so we published "Modern Fairy Tales" (That Are Even More Fantastic Than The Old-Time Fairy Tales!) And today, we still believe that children love the unbelievable as much as ever. So we've taken another look around at contemporary society, and we've created this new selection of unreal episodes which we've entitled . . .

J" FAIRY TALES

Than Old-Time Fairy Tales!)

The Wise Carriage Makers



Once upon a time, in the city of Detroit, all the potentates of the automobile industry met in solemn session. Matters of great concern had arisen and they had to call upon all their collective wisdom to deal with the problems, which were threefold: Owing to the great numbers of people driving autos on the roadways of the country, there were many accidents, causing much death and injury. The czars of the oil companies had reported that the precious fluid needed to propel the cars was becoming scarce and might run out. The Citizens in the great cities were having difficulty getting from place to place, while great highways were being built across the land with public monies.

The auto potentates invited a scholar named Ralphus, who had studied these problems, to give them the benefit of his knowledge, which he agreed to do.

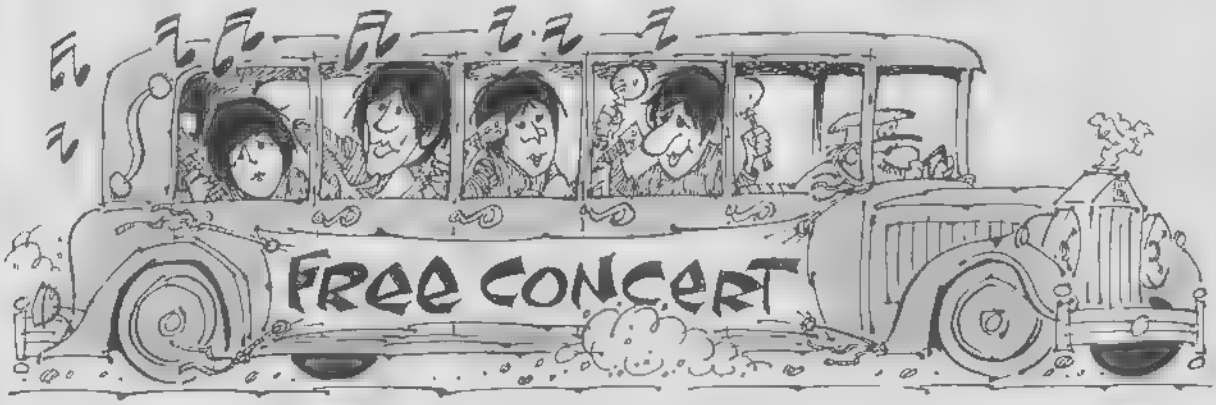
"What must we do?" the auto potentates cried. The young man replied, "You must take all pains to make the autos stronger to protect the lives of the people. You must make the autos smaller in order to save some of the precious fluid for future generations. You must convince the leaders of the land to take some gold from the building of roads and use it to transport the populace of the crowded cities.

"Bravo!" the auto potentates cheered. "We must reward this young scholar," one of them said. "I have it," said another, "we'll each give a portion of our earnings each year to provide him the means of keeping us supplied with more good ideas in the future, so that we may serve the people well. "Done!" said they all and drank to his good health.

The Generous Minstrels

Once upon a time, there was a group of singers and musicians who had come together as very young people bound by their love of music. Through weeks and years of diligent practice, they became proficient in their art. As their skills grew, so did their reputation, and they found that people were willing to pay to hear them. Their fame spread far and wide, their fees became fabulous, their performances were sold out to the very last seat, and their recordings were distributed around the world.

They grew rich and beloved, but wealth brought with it disputes and discontent. They drifted apart and spent their days battling about money. One day, after months of quarreling in courts of law, one of them said to the others, "Do you realize we're all rich beyond our dreams? Let us return to the simple idea that first brought us together, our love for the music we've created." The others pondered this advice and agreed it was sound. From that day on, they did just that. In gratitude for the love and wealth their millions of fans had given them, they devoted the rest of their lives to traveling everywhere, giving free concerts to all who wished to come.



The Rescue

Once upon a time, scientists and doctors of the country came to suspect that the smoking of cigarettes was likely to make people very ill and kill them years before their normal span of years had passed. They brought their findings to Washington to advise the men who governed the land. "Can this dreadful thing be so?" the shocked leaders chorused. "If so, we must act now to save as many of our citizens as we can! Quickly, let us call in the makers of cigarettes and the congressmen from the tobacco-growing states."

All the makers of cigarettes and the congressmen came and listened in respectful silence as the scientists and doctors told their grim tale and presented the evidence they had gathered over the years. As they finished, one of the cigarette makers jumped to his feet and cried, "I propose we forget about this until we've had a chance to put our *own* scientists to the task of examining cigarettes!" A congressman from a tobacco state cried, "Y'all tryin' to wreck the economy of mah state? I'm for liberty! We got a right to grow it, and folks got a right to smoke it!"

The rest of the gathering turned and stared incredulously at the two men. "You mean," said another congressman, "that you'd rather grow tobacco and sell cigarettes than save our citizens' lives?"

"Unspeakable!" cried the rest of the assembly as they fell upon the two wretches and flung them from the room.

And so it happened that the tobacco farms switched to food and the cigarette companies went out of business rather than devote their time, knowledge and money to poisoning their fellow human beings.

The Author

There once was a vast, cold land in the East whose people lived out their days without ever being allowed to journey beyond its borders. The people were not overly unhappy about this, it seemed, because they had known no other life. Their rulers were stern men who became furious when criticized. Since the rulers controlled all means of communication in the land, there was little chance of public criticism to anger them.

Then, one man began to write books about his country which were often very critical. And so, the rulers did not permit them to be read by the people, and cast the writer into prison to repent. Friends of the writer managed to send his writings abroad and they were published in other lands, to the great annoyance of the rulers. One day, out of angry curiosity, the Supreme Ruler gathered the man's forbidden books together and began to read them for a clue to what caused the author's unbalanced and criminal behavior. The Supreme Ruler read and read, and at length summoned the errant author and said to him, "I have been struck by the power and sincerity of your writing and your depiction of grave errors committed in our country's past. You are right. We must stop throwing critics into asylums and dungeons and permit our people to travel across our borders as they choose. It is so decreed."

And so the people of the vast cold land were free from that day to come and go in peace. Most stayed, some left. The author stayed and wrote many more books during a long and happy life in his homeland.

The Careful Chemist

Once there was a chemist whose task it was to concoct new medicines for the pharmaceutical firm that employed him. He liked his work and delighted in finding ways of getting chemicals into people's bloodstreams faster than chemists from other companies were able to do. It was a race, and it was fun.

The chemist was especially fond of one project he had worked on for some years. This was a pill that, taken at bedtime, cured headaches and backaches, settled upset stomach, and gave the pill-taker a general glow of good feeling for a day or so. Remarkable to say, this versatile pill would be extremely cheap to manufacture and thus the drug firm could expect to earn enormous sums in the marketplace. The board chairman had taken a lively interest in the new pill and had dubbed it "The Blahs Bomb."

One day the chairman visited the chemist's laboratory, eager to learn whether the tests were complete so that he could begin production and watch the firm's profits soar. The chemist said, "Everything has gone beautifully in our treatment of test patients. One-hundred per cent of them felt immediate relief after taking our pill."

"Fanstastic!" cried the chairman.

"Unfortunately," said the chemist, "one half of one per cent of the test patients suffered a perplexing side effect. They acquired rashes."

"Is that so bad?" asked the chairman.

"The rashes appear to be permanent," replied the chemist.

"Oh dear," sighed the chairman. "Obviously we can't in good conscience subject people to that risk. We have no choice but to abandon the project." And so the chemist and the chairman poured the flasks and bottles full of the precious pill potion down the drain and looked optimistically to the future.

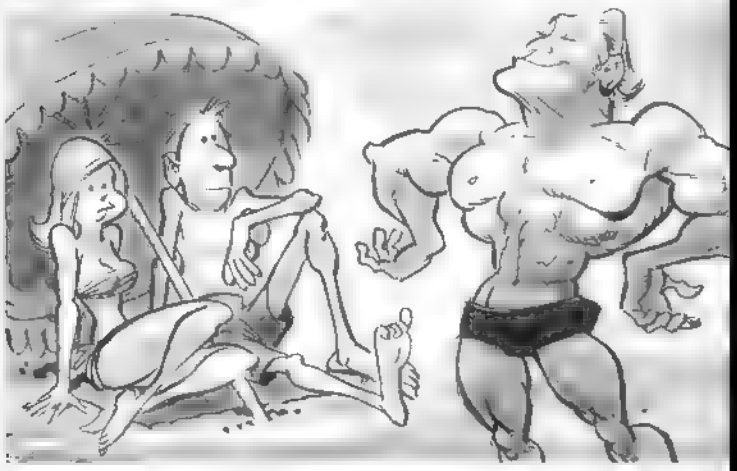
JEST DESSERTS DEPT.

SOME REAL LIFE SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

THE BRIBER

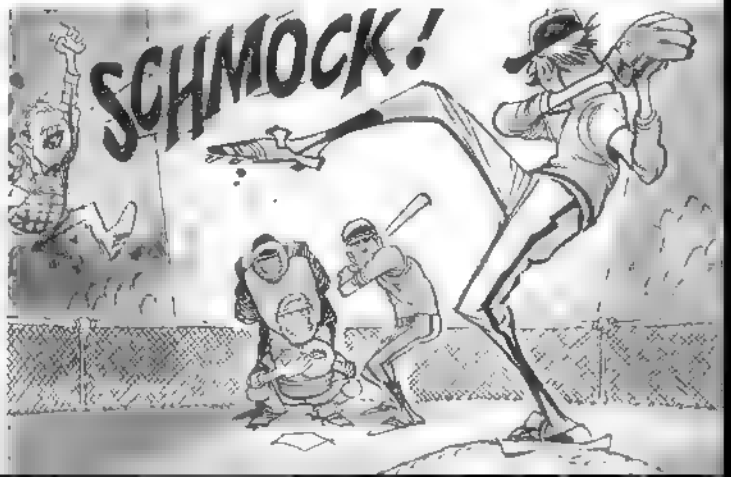
THE GRAFFITIIST

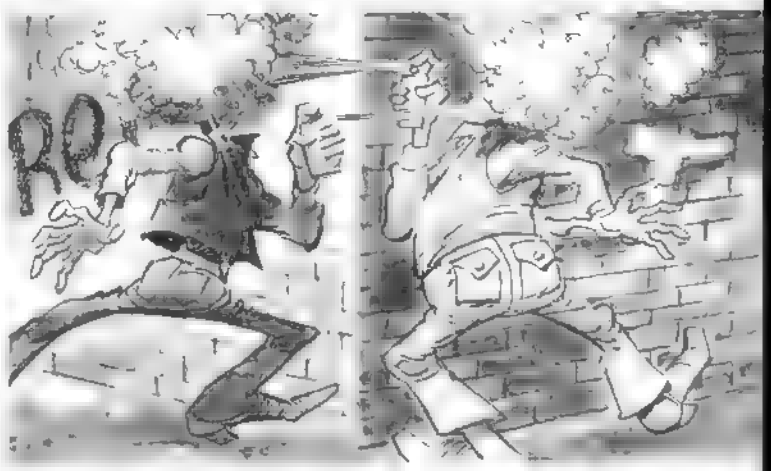
THE SHOW OFF

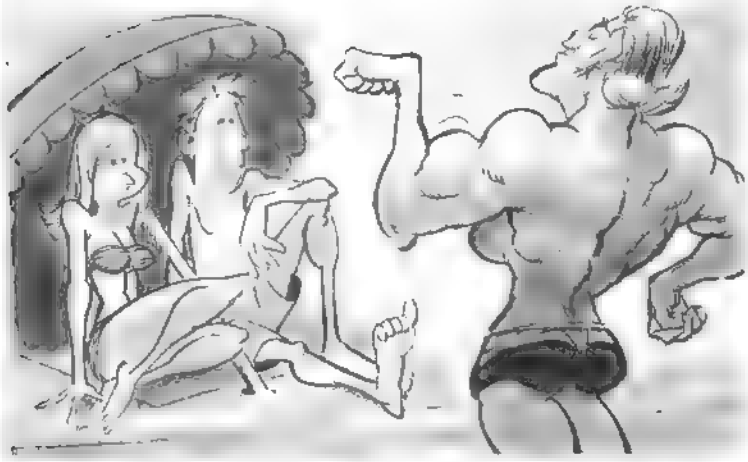


ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

THE LOUD MOUTH

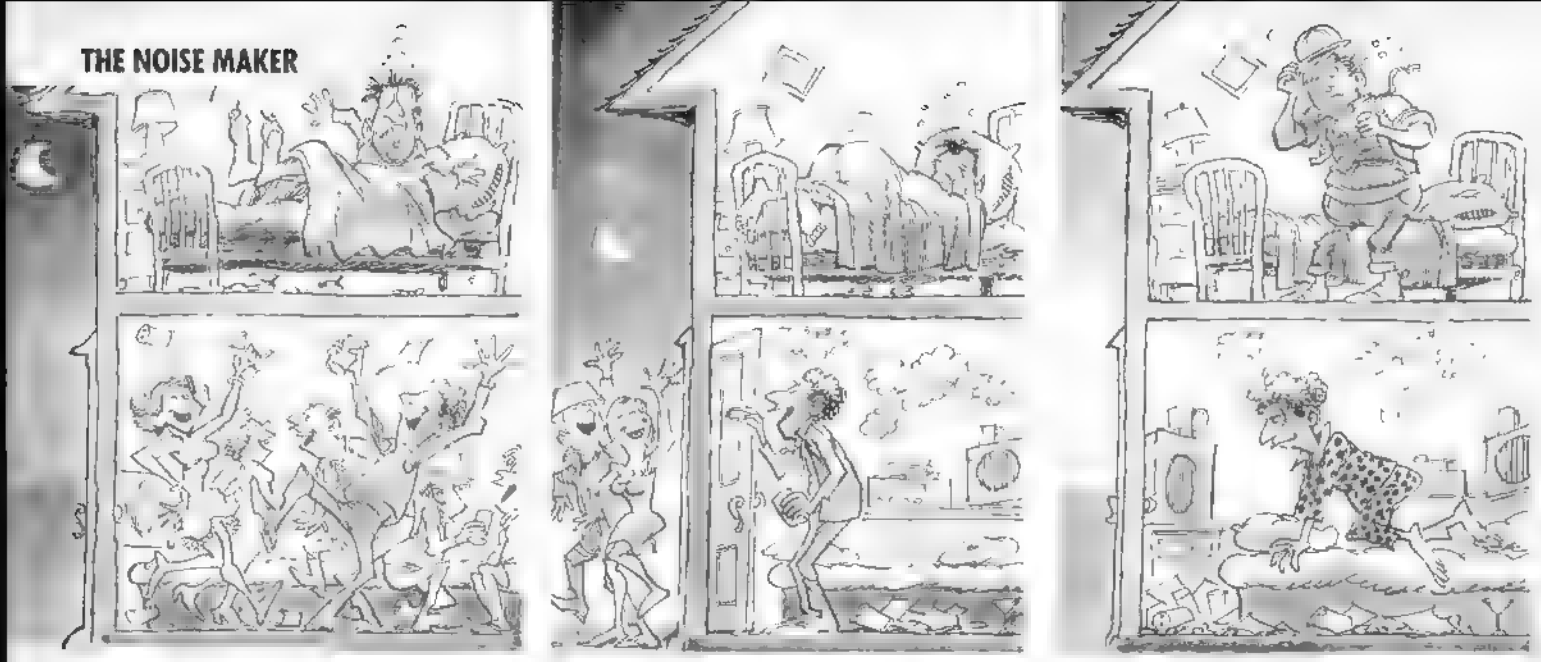






WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

THE NOISE MAKER

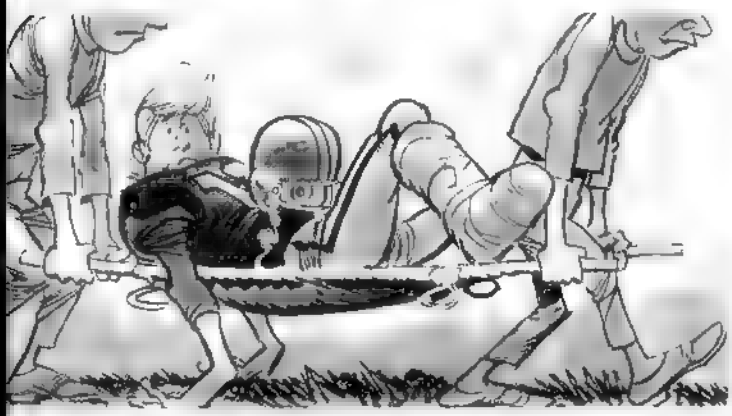


THE SUPER JOCK

THE FOOD MOOCHER

THE NON-STOP TALKER

RAATTATATAT!
DIG ME MUST



MOTH BALLS

CEMENT

FALLING ROCK ZONE

FALLING ROCK ZONE

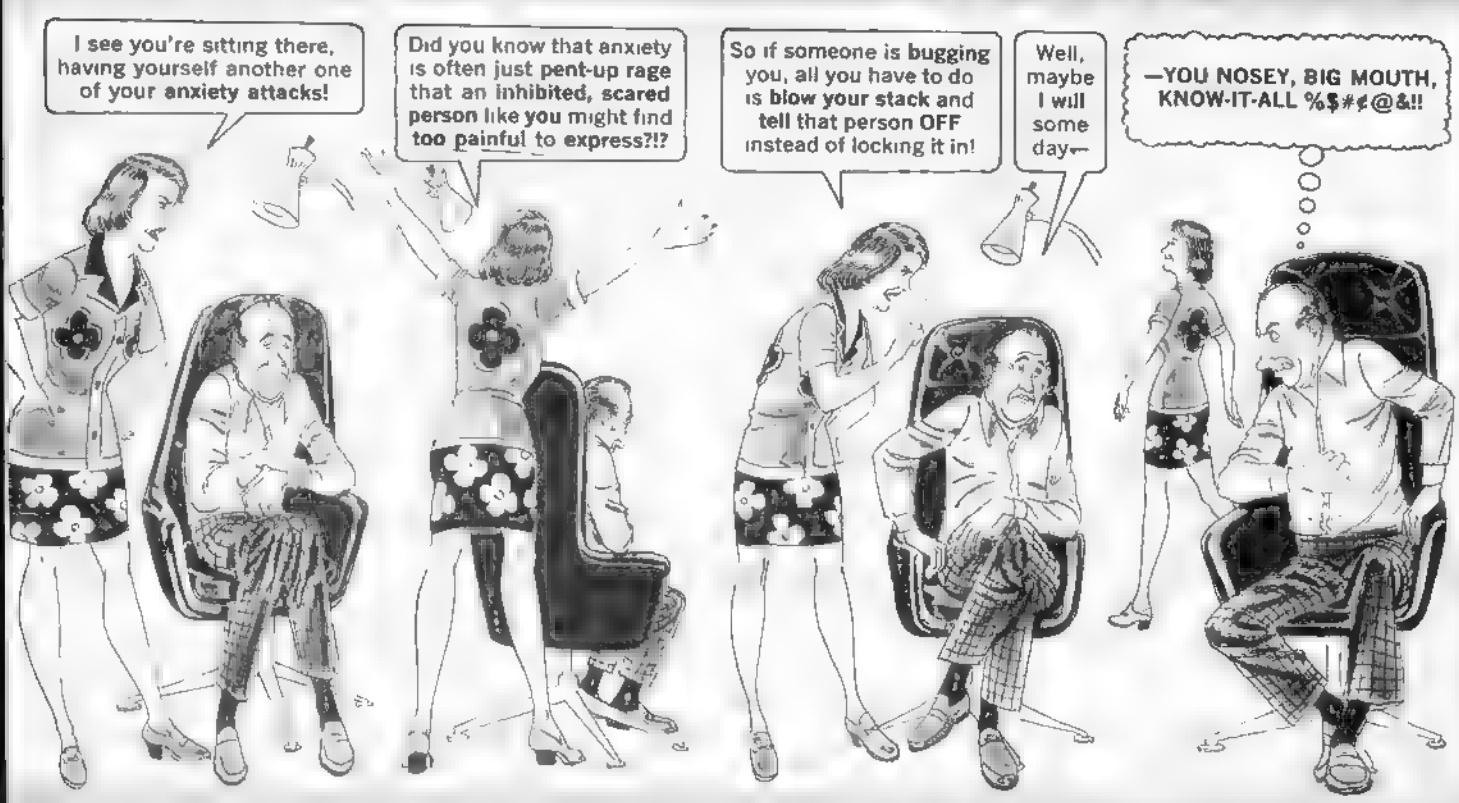
A SECOND MAD COLLECTION

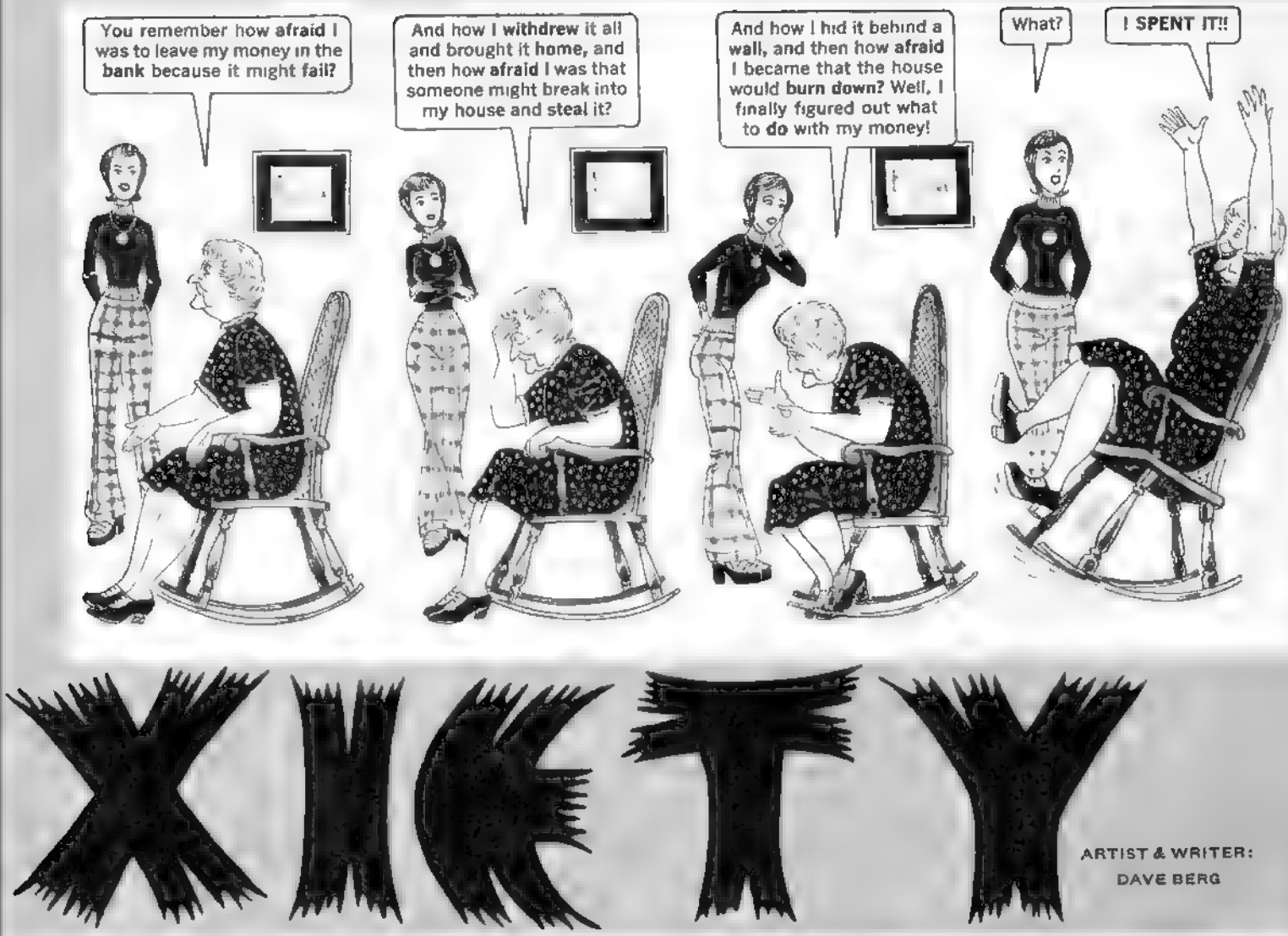
I OF EXTREMELY THIN BOOKS

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

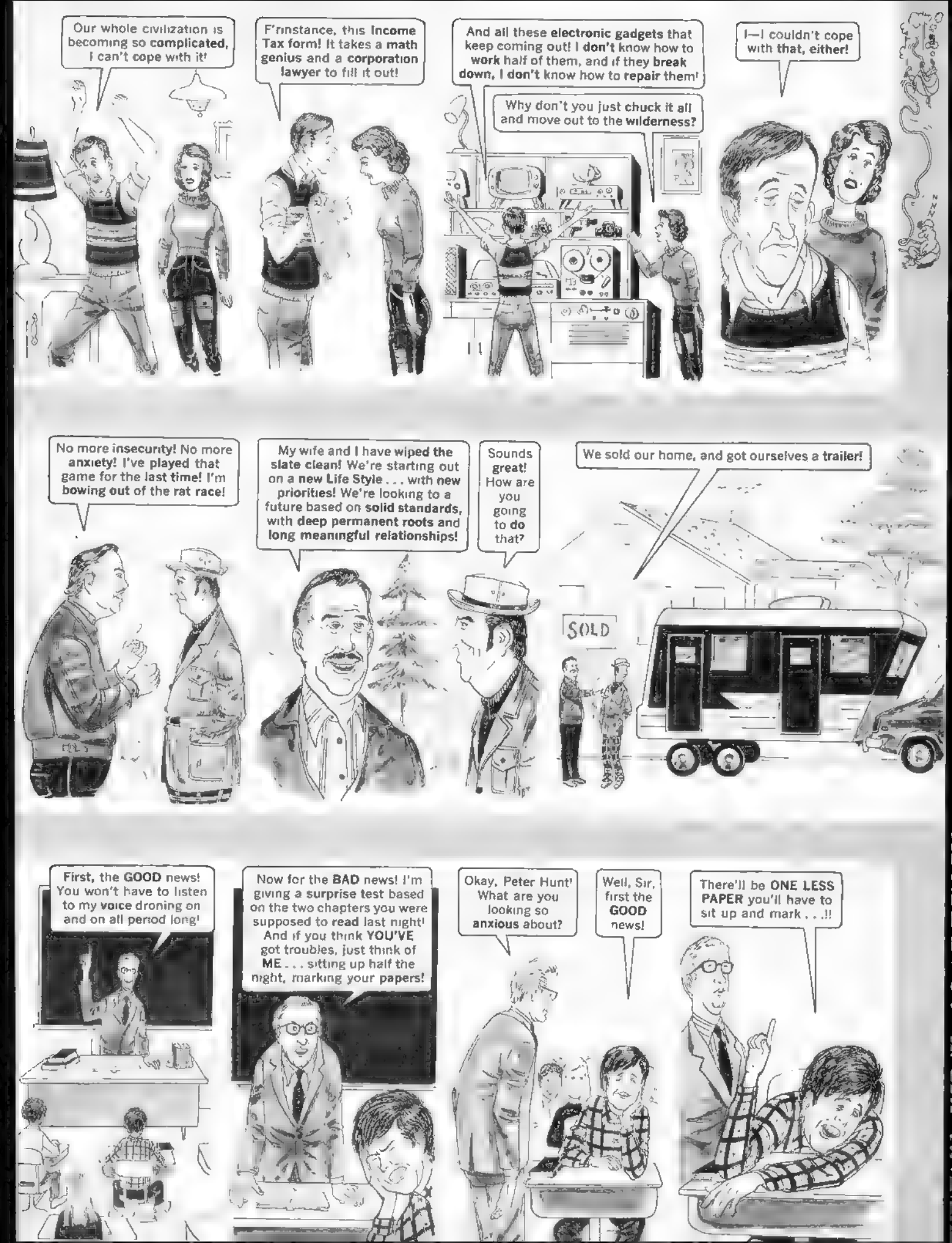
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... ANXIETY




You remember how afraid I was to leave my money in the bank because it might fail?
And how I withdrew it all and brought it home, and then how afraid I was that someone might break into my house and steal it?
And how I hid it behind a wall, and then how afraid I became that the house would burn down? Well, I finally figured out what to do with my money!
What?
I SPENT IT!!
SOCIETY
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

What IS it with this modern generation!? They're turning all the morals and standards that we live by upside-down!
Take my son, for example! He brought home this girl, and she's living with him in his room! I tell you, it's a shame for the neighbors!
What do you care what the NEIGHBORS think?! It's YOUR problem!
No . . . it's THEIR problem, too!
It's THEIR DAUGHTER!!


Our whole civilization is becoming so complicated, I can't cope with it!
F'rinstance, this Income Tax form! It takes a math genius and a corporation lawyer to fill it out!
And all these electronic gadgets that keep coming out! I don't know how to work half of them, and if they break down, I don't know how to repair them!
Why don't you just chuck it all and move out to the wilderness?
I—I couldn't cope with that, either!
No more insecurity! No more anxiety! I've played that game for the last time! I'm bowing out of the rat race!
My wife and I have wiped the slate clean! We're starting out on a new Life Style . . . with new priorities! We're looking to a future based on solid standards, with deep permanent roots and long meaningful relationships!
Sounds great! How are you going to do that?
We sold our home, and got ourselves a trailer!
SOLD
First, the GOOD news! You won't have to listen to my voice droning on and on all period long!
Now for the BAD news! I'm giving a surprise test based on the two chapters you were supposed to read last night! And if you think YOU'VE got troubles, just think of ME . . . sitting up half the night, marking your papers!
Okay, Peter Hunt! What are you looking so anxious about?
Well, Sir, first the GOOD news!
There'll be ONE LESS PAPER you'll have to sit up and mark . . .!!

I can't stand these new super highways! Everybody on 'em drives like a maniac!

It's like every driver is hell-bent on speeding to an accident! . . . his OWN!!

You're a fine one to talk! You're driving faster than anyone else around!

That's because I want to get OFF this blasted highway as soon as I can!

What are YOU so down in the dumps about?

I can't get a job!

Yeah, it's tough! But some people are getting them!

I know! But it's tougher for me! I have absolutely no real practical qualifications!

See? You should have prepared yourself!

Yes! I wasted a lot of years!

Doing what?

Getting a Ph.D.!

What a weekend! Have I got trouble! Friday, my super-bright kid announces he's dropping out of college!

You call that trouble?

With money so tight, my wife picks Friday to suddenly go out on a wild spending spree!

You call that trouble?

Business is so lousy that on Friday, my Accountant tells me I won't be able to make next week's payroll!

You call that trouble?

Friday night, my television set blew . . . and I had to go through the whole weekend WITHOUT IT!!

Now, THAT'S TROUBLE!!

That's not a civilized city out there! It's a JUNGLE!

In the old days, they only used to rip off blind newsdealers and little old ladies! But now, they're so desperate that even big, strong, heathy-looking guys like us can be victimized!

I--I never thought I'd be afraid to go out there and make a few bucks!

We're just gonna have to find some other way to make our bread . . .

. . . besides mugging!!

Changes . . changes! They're coming so rapidly that it's making me into a neurotic!

My big virile Son has turned into a style freak, and now he dresses like a pansy! My little feminine Daughter has become a Women's Libber, and now she dresses like a farmer!

I'd go completely out of my mind if it wasn't for your wonderful reliable stability!

You dressed like a slob in the past . . . and you're STILL a slob!!

Oooh, I've got a terrible pain in my chest! I think I'm dying!

Again?! You're the world's greatest hypochondriac!

You keep going to Doctors, and they all keep telling you the same thing . . . that it's just EMOTIONAL! And then, the pain moves to another spot!

Do you understand?!? It's PSYCHOSOMATIC! It's IN YOUR MIND!!

Y'know, you're right!

Now . . . I've got a terrible headache! I think I'm dying!

David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

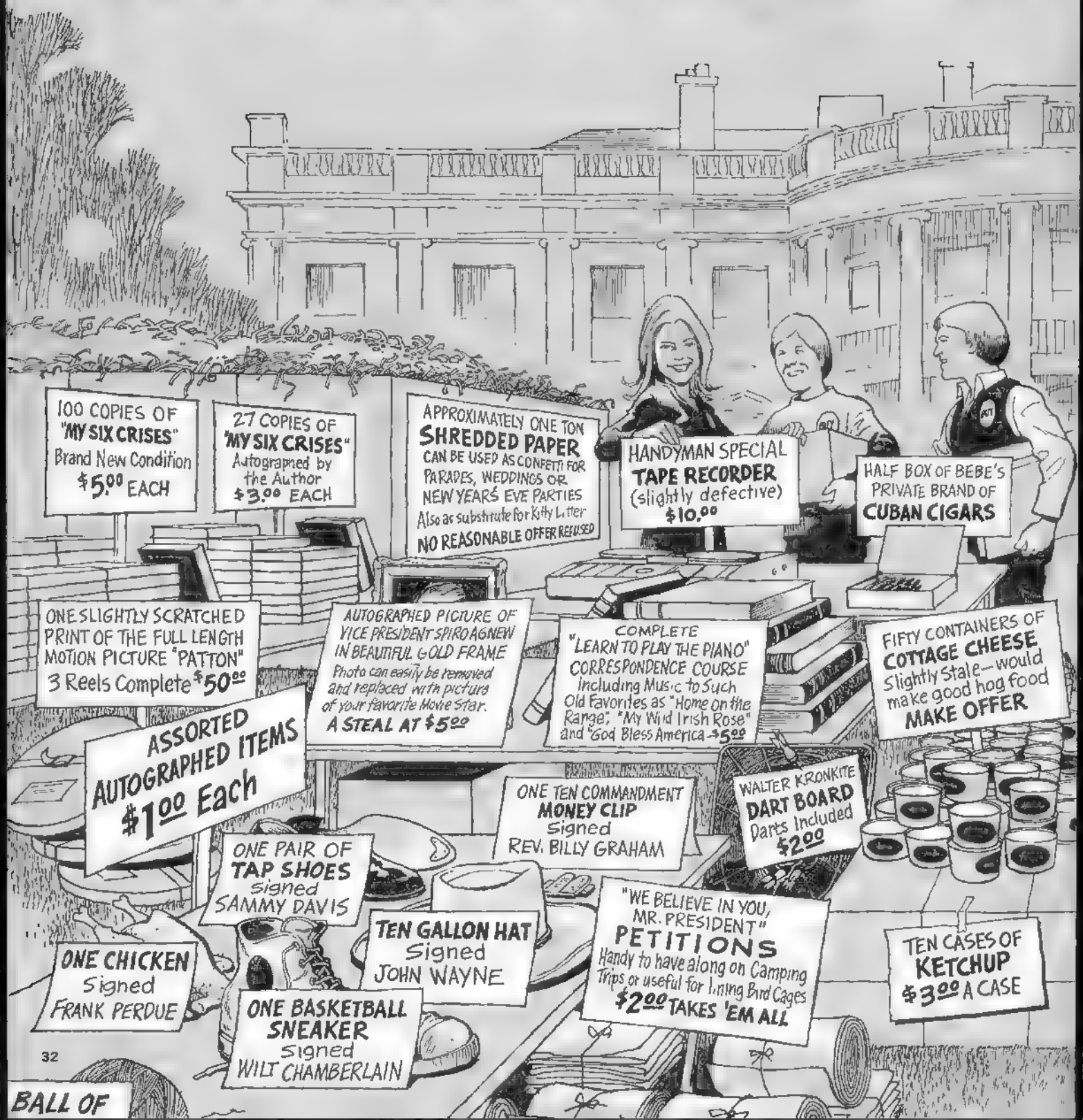
ONE AFTERNOON AT A BUS STOP

MAKING ROOM FOR THE FORD DEPT.

Whenever people move into a house and find that the former residents left a pile of unwanted junk behind, they get rid of the stuff (and make a few bucks at the same time) by holding a "Garage Sale". And so, since we all

A WHITE HOUSE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

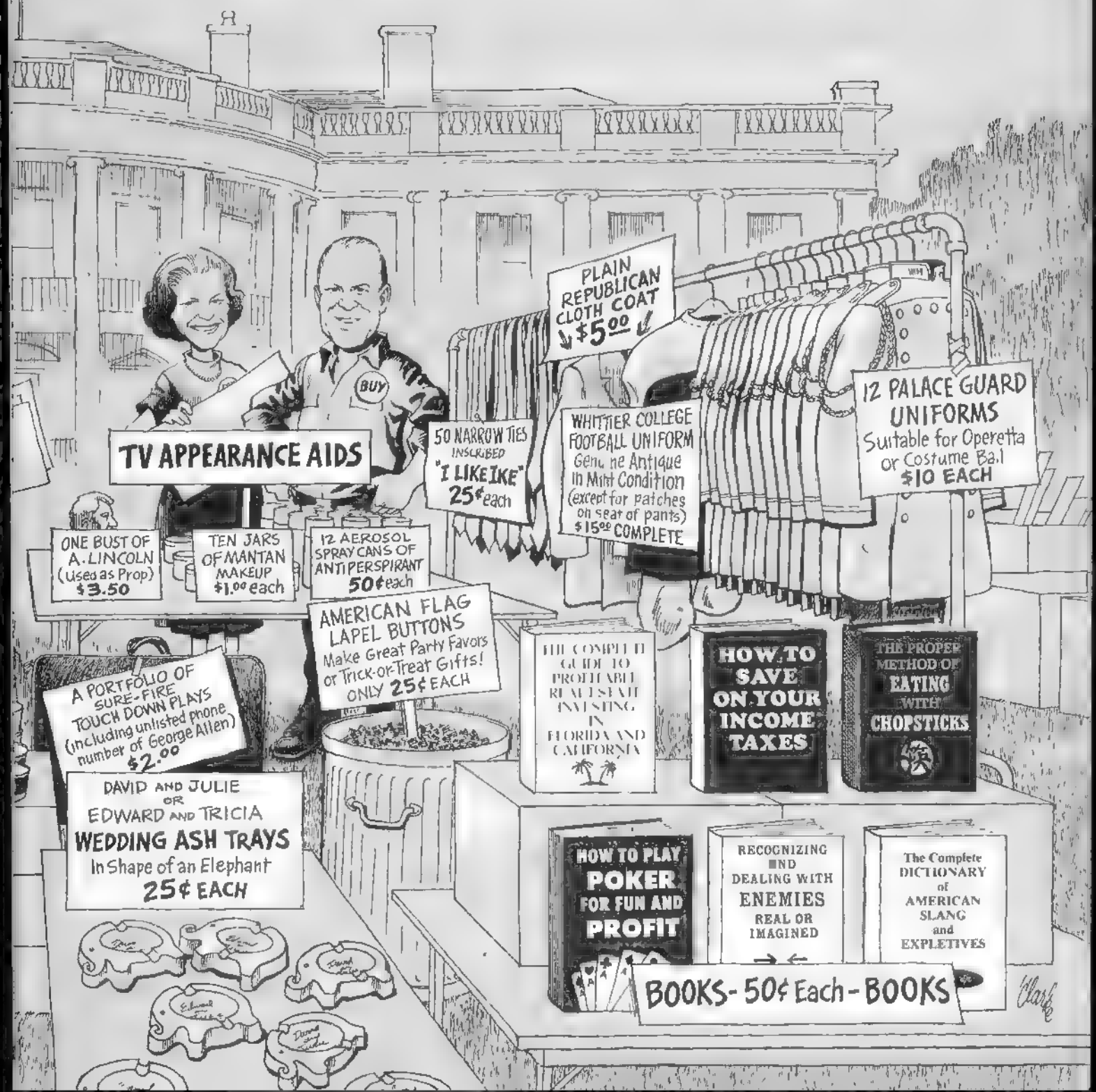


BALL OF

know of a family that moved into a certain house recently, and since we all know that there must have been lots of interesting things left behind by the former residents who left rather hastily, we're looking forward to . . .

"GARAGE SALE"

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



FLIP/FLOPS DEPT.

Life, as everyone knows, is full of GOOD NEWS and BAD NEWS. Sometimes the GOOD NEWS turns into BAD NEWS. Sometimes the BAD NEWS turns into GOOD NEWS. And sometimes the GOOD NEWS,

THE MAD "GOOD NEWS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

GOOD NEWS is being given a new, rare tropical fish for your tank.

BAD NEWS is discovering that its favorite food is other tropical fish.

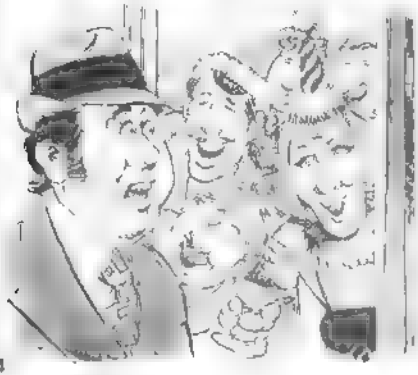
GOOD NEWS is finding out that you and your date share many common interests.

GOOD NEWS is asking for a cuddly Teddy Bear for your birthday, and getting it.

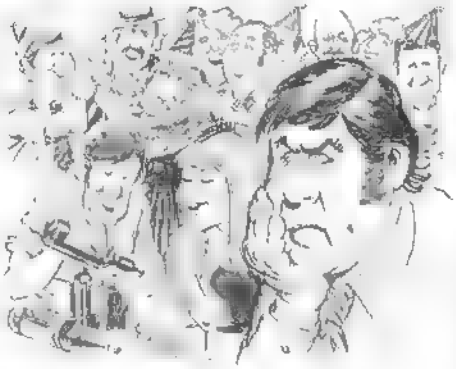
BAD NEWS is that you're turning 18.

GOOD NEWS is sliding into second base, and being called "Safe!"

GOOD NEWS is being thrown a surprise party by your wife.



BAD NEWS is figuring out that you're the one who still has to pay for it.



GOOD NEWS is going through an entire winter without once getting sick.

which was the BAD NEWS, turns into BAD NEWS again. And sometimes . . . well, you get the idea. This ends the introduction, which is GOOD NEWS, and brings us to the following article, which is

—BAD NEWS" BOOK

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BAD NEWS is discovering that one of your common interests is girls.

GOOD NEWS is conscientiously dieting to lose forty pounds.

BAD NEWS is succeeding . . . but in all the wrong places.

BAD NEWS is remembering you had six live caterpillars in your back pocket.

BAD NEWS is finding out there's no Santa Claus.

GOOD NEWS is realizing that it doesn't make any difference.

BAD NEWS is you're a hypochondriac.

BAD NEWS is finding out your Dad is an Accountant.

GOOD NEWS is finding out your Dad is Joe Namath's Accountant.

BAD NEWS is coming home at night and discovering you've been burglarized.

GOOD NEWS is calculating that your Insurance will cover the entire loss.

BAD NEWS is finding the unmailed premium in your jacket pocket.

BAD NEWS is going out with a female friend and being spotted by your Wife.

GOOD NEWS is discovering that she's out with a male friend.

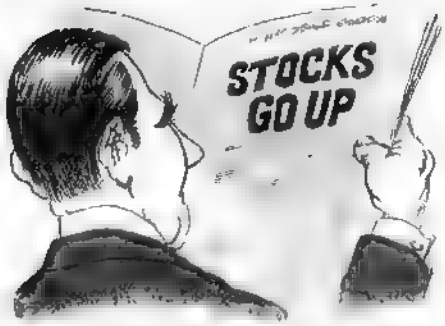
BAD NEWS is noting she's having a much better time than you are.

BAD NEWS is being sent to bed without any dinner.

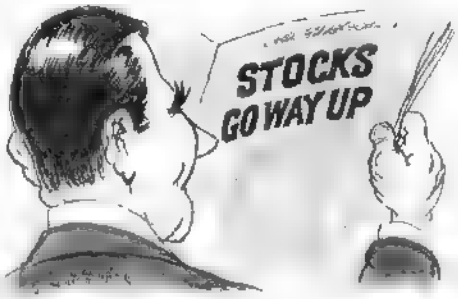
GOOD NEWS is finding out that dinner is a broccoli and eggplant casserole.

BAD NEWS is your Mother worried about you getting hungry . . . and sneaking a plate up to your room.

GOOD NEWS is getting **GOOD NEWS**.



BAD NEWS is getting more **GOOD NEWS** . . . which bothers you because you know you're now due for **BAD NEWS**.



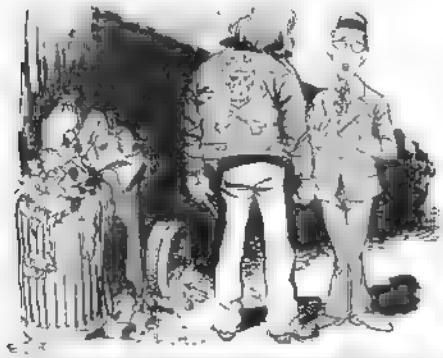
GOOD NEWS is finally getting **BAD NEWS** . . . which relieves your mind because you know you're again due for **GOOD NEWS**.

BAD NEWS is a building going up on your favorite vacant lot.

GOOD NEWS is finding out it's going to be an Ice Cream Parlor.

BAD NEWS is discovering the place has a fancy name and charges 75¢ a scoop.

BAD NEWS is meeting up with a mugger.

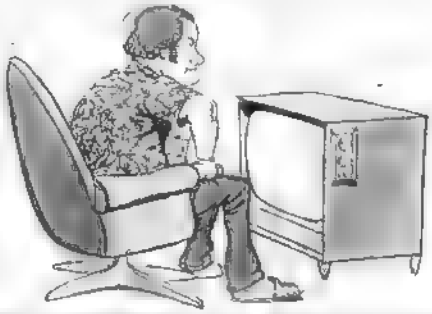


GOOD NEWS is finding you've only got three dollars in your pocket.

BAD NEWS is discovering that three dollars is a big insult to a mugger.

GOOD NEWS is settling down at your TV set to watch your favorite comedy.

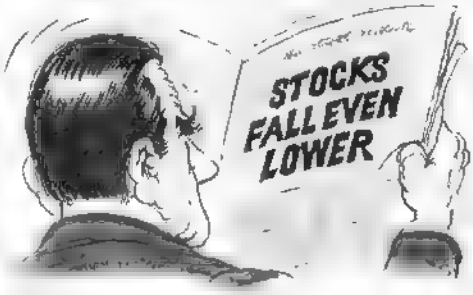
BAD NEWS is finding it's pre-empted by Ford explaining his economic policies.



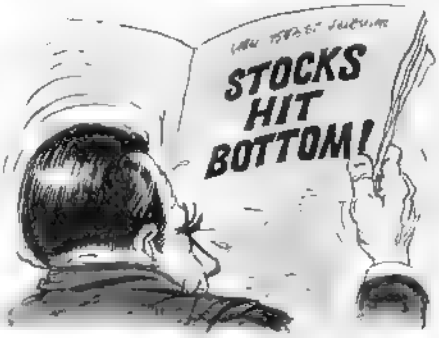
GOOD NEWS is discovering that you're getting twice the laughs.

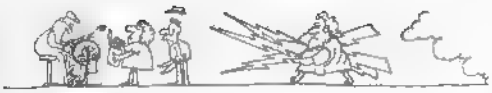
BAD NEWS is continuing to get BAD NEWS instead of the GOOD NEWS you felt you were due after the BAD NEWS.

GOOD NEWS is continuing to still get BAD NEWS, which is GOOD NEWS because you know you're now really due for some GOOD NEWS.



BAD NEWS is trusting in cycles.





MANY HAPPY RETURNS DEPT.

IT ALMOST RESTORES

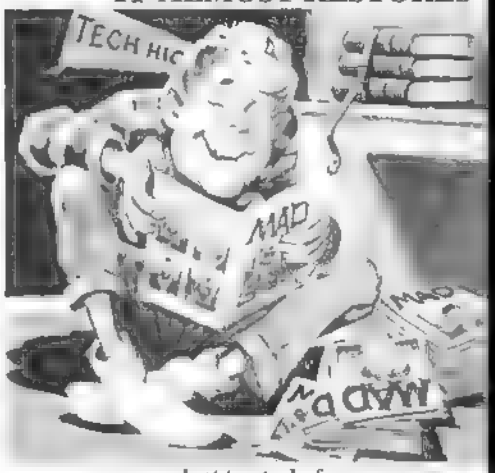
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

IT ALMOST RESTORES YOUR FAITH WHEN . . .

. . . a Hippie hits you up for bus fare

. . . and you actually see him on the bus!

IT ALMOST RESTORES



. . . you neglect to study for an exam

IT ALMOST RESTORES YOUR FAITH WHEN . . .

. . . you're called down to the Internal Revenue Service for an income tax audit

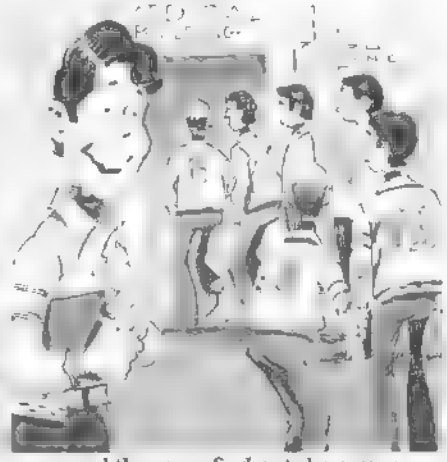
. . . and they discover that you've got a refund coming!

IT ALMOST RESTORES

. . . your car breaks down, and you're stranded in the middle of nowhere

IT ALMOST RESTORES YOUR FAITH WHEN . . .

You go on a date with the biggest make-out girl on Campus, and you don't even score



. . . and then you find out she gave a social disease to six guys who DID!

IT ALMOST RESTORES

. . . you're involved in a terrible auto accident with a drunken driver

YOUR FAITH WHEN...

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE

YOUR FAITH WHEN...

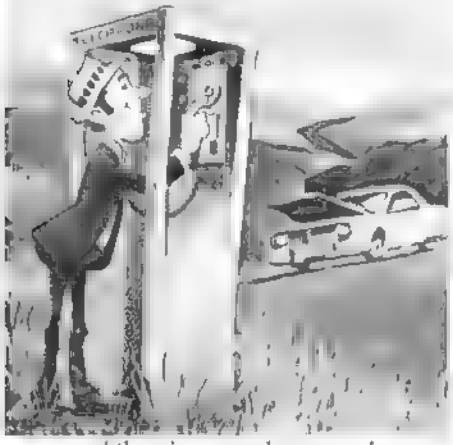
...and the teacher fails to show up!

IT ALMOST RESTORES YOUR FAITH WHEN...

Narcs hit your dorm in a surprise bust

...and all they find is cigarettes!

YOUR FAITH WHEN...



...and there's a pay phone nearby that's actually in good working order!

IT ALMOST RESTORES YOUR FAITH WHEN...

...some pickpocket rips off your wallet

...and then mails it back to you with the money gone, but your vital papers intact!

YOUR FAITH WHEN...

...and the only person who's injured is the drunken driver!

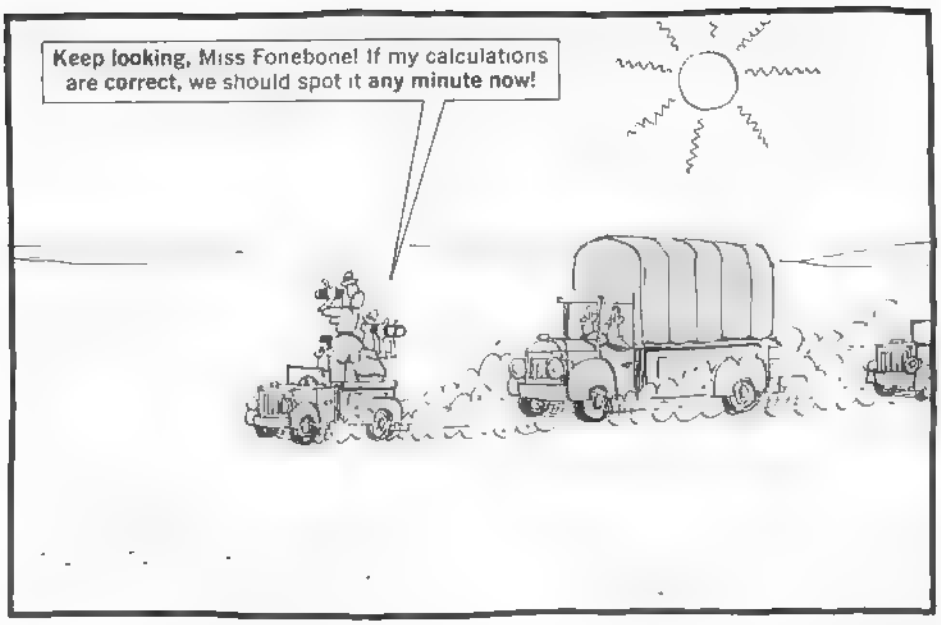
IT ALMOST RESTORES YOUR FAITH WHEN...

...the candidate you worked so hard for is badly beaten in the election

...and then it's discovered that the man who beat him is involved in an election scandal!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

PROFESSOR BLEENT AND THE FLOON BEETLE EXPEDITION



Dozens of the words we use today come from the names of real people. For instance, "sandwich" is named after the Earl of Sandwich, "bloomer" after Amelia Bloomer, and "zeppelin" after Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin. You never know when someone's name is going to become part of our language and get in the dictionary, but there are a lot of celebrities today who have a good chance. In fact, MAD believes it's time that Noah Webster immortalized these current-day big-shots, namely with these...

ADDITIONS TO THE DICTIONARY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

abzug ('ab-zug) *n.* : a violent eruption, such as from a volcano. (*Run for your lives or the* abzug *will get us!*)

agnew ('ag-nū) *v.i.* : to turn out differently than expected; to boomerang. (*The ball* agnewed *and hit him in the face.*)

ali (äl-'ē) *adj.* : made of clay.

brando ('bran-dō) *v.i.* : to speak incoherently; to mumble. (*Who can understand him, the way he* brandos!)

[1]**buckley** ('buk-lē) *v.i.* : to make a succession of right turns until one returns to his original position.

[2]**buckley** *adj.* : intellectual to the point of being incomprehensible.

carson ('kar-sun) *n.* : a glib huckster. **syn.** griffin, cavett, bishop (*obs.*).

chiang (che-äng) *n.* : a small, broken fragment of antique china.

[1]**cosell** (kō-'sel) *v.i.* : to infuriate an audience by speaking in a tiresome manner. (*He* coselled *until twelve million viewers turned off their sets in disgust.*)

[2]**cosell** *n.* : an inflammation of the mouth. ("*I thought it might be strep, but it's only a* cosell," *the doctor said.*)

eagleton ('ē-gul-tun) *n.* : anything supported one thousand per cent.

faisal ('fī-zul) *n.* : an energy crisis. (*We can't turn on the lights, baby, because of the* faisal.)

fischer ('fish-ur) *n.* : a victory without a winner.

[1]**fonda** ('fon-duh) *n.* : a parent bewildered by the generation gap.

[2]**fonda** *v.i.* : to take a wild ride, esp. on a motorcycle.

[3]**fonda** *n.* **1:** a peace chant intoned by North Vietnamese in times of war. **2:** a war chant intoned by North Vietnamese in times of peace.

friedan (fri-'dan) *adj.* : unresponsive to the needs of man. (*His marriage, alas, was* friedan *and doomed.*)

getty ('get-ē) see **onassis.**

hughes (huz) *n? adj?* meaning obscure.

humphrey ('hum-frē) *v.i.* : to speak in a single breath a sentence of more than fifty words covering six or more topics. (*He* humphreyed, *but, as usual, no one listened.*)

irving ('ir-ving) *n.* **1:** a tall tale. **2:** a cliff-hanger.

kunstler ('kunst-lur) *n.* : a mouthpiece for blowing one's horn.

leary ('li·u·rē) *n.* : an unidentifiable flying object. (*It's a* leary," *the navigator said, "and it's gaining on us."*)

lindsay ('lin-zē) *v.i.* : to party-hop.

liz (liz) *adj.* : split; severed; disconnected.

lovelace ('luv-lās) *n.* a union of two or more people; an unlimited partnership.

mao (mào) *n.* a Chinese staple, usually consumed with rice. (*An hour after having our* mao, *we were hungry again.*)

[1]**neuman** ('nü-mun) *n.* : an expected disaster.

[2]**neuman** *adj.* : nothing. (*It was a* neuman *year.*)

[3]**neuman** *v.i.* to worry. (*What? Me* neuman?)

nixon ('nik-sun) *n.* **1:** a busted football play. **2:** an illness lasting six years. ("*You must let the* nixon *run its course," the doctor said.*)

onassis (ō-'nas-is) *n.* : an ancient unit of wealth, five of which equal one getty.

plimpton ('plimp-tun) *v.t.* : to imitate poorly something done expertly. (*I thought he was action, but all he could do was* plimpton.)

puzo ('pū-zō) *n.* an offer impossible to refuse. (*The shotgun in his face told him it was a* puzo.)

rainier (ran-'yā) *adj.* : ruling with grace.

redgrave ('red-grāv) *n.* : any species of English bird exhibiting peculiar mating habits.

riggs (rigs) *n.* **1:** a female impersonator. **2:** an old pretender to the throne of a king. (*The court bowed to the* riggs, *but the king did not.*)

roth (rôth) *n.* : a four-letter word.

sadat (sä-'dät) *n.* : a hot wind of the desert, which blows hard but goes nowhere. (*Get back on your camels; it's only a* sadat.)

schulz (shulz) *adj.* : describing someone who works for peanuts.

spitz (spits) *v.i.* : to worship one's self. (*While others prayed to God, he* spitzed.)

spock (spok) *interj.* : the cry of a spoiled child. (*One more* spock *and you can say bye-bye to "Sesame Street."*)

susskind ('sus-kīnd) *n.* : a liberal dose difficult to swallow.

tim (tim) *n.* **1:** a male camp follower. **2:** a female camp follower.

unitas (ü-'nit-us) *n.* : a colt put out to pasture.

wayne (wān) *adj.* : saddle-sore.

welch (welch) *n.* : a well-stocked chest. (*Her* welch *would sustain her through the winter.*)

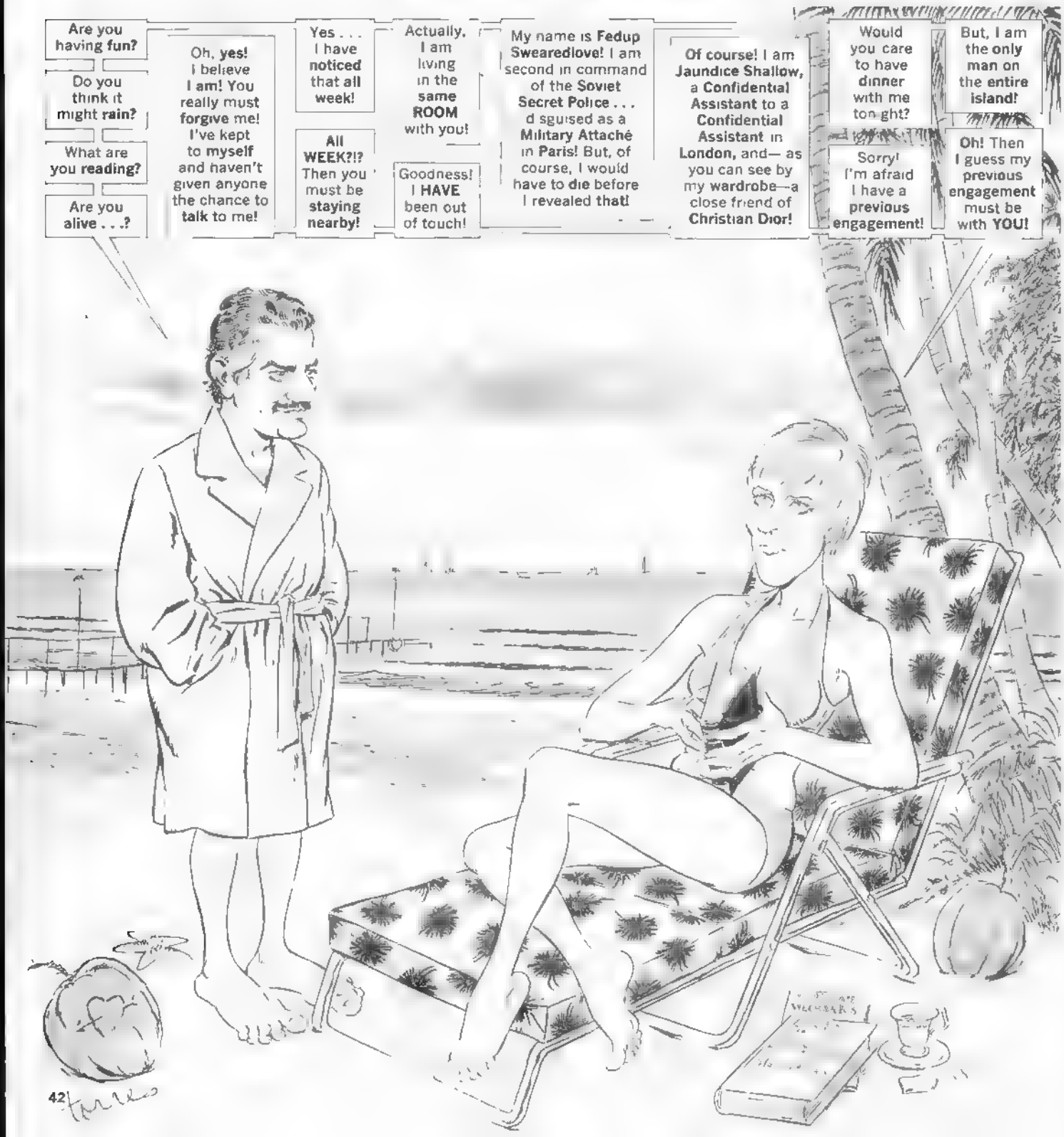
welk (welk) *adj.* : rockless. (*Everywhere we looked it was* welk *and flat.*)

BULLSHEVIK DEPT.

Here we go with another MAD Movie Satire. This recent picture is all about the problems that a British subject and a Russian subject have when they fall in love! Which is why we call it

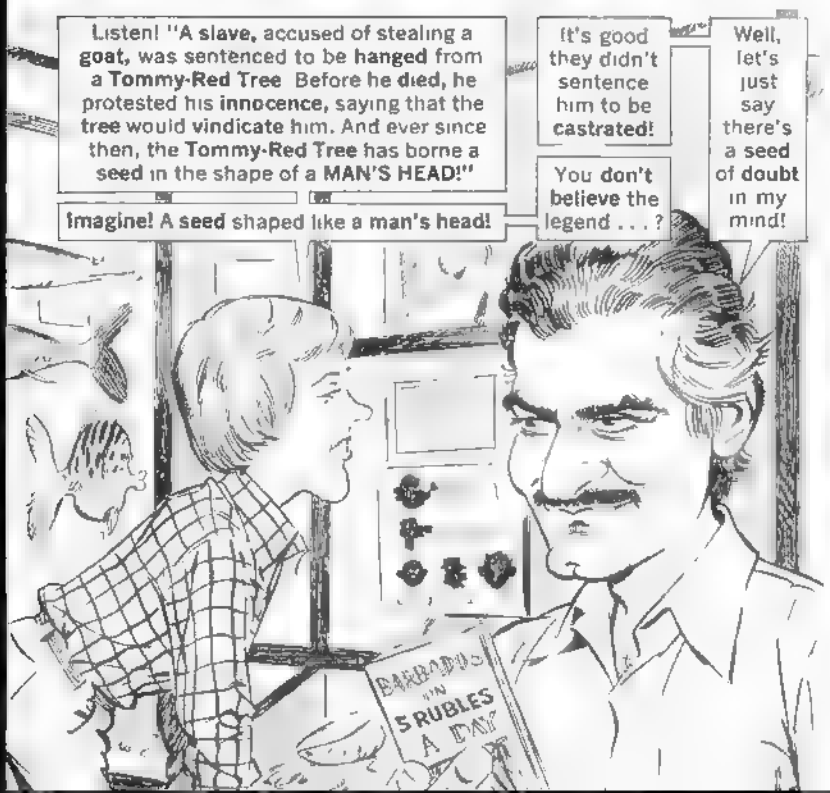
THE TOM

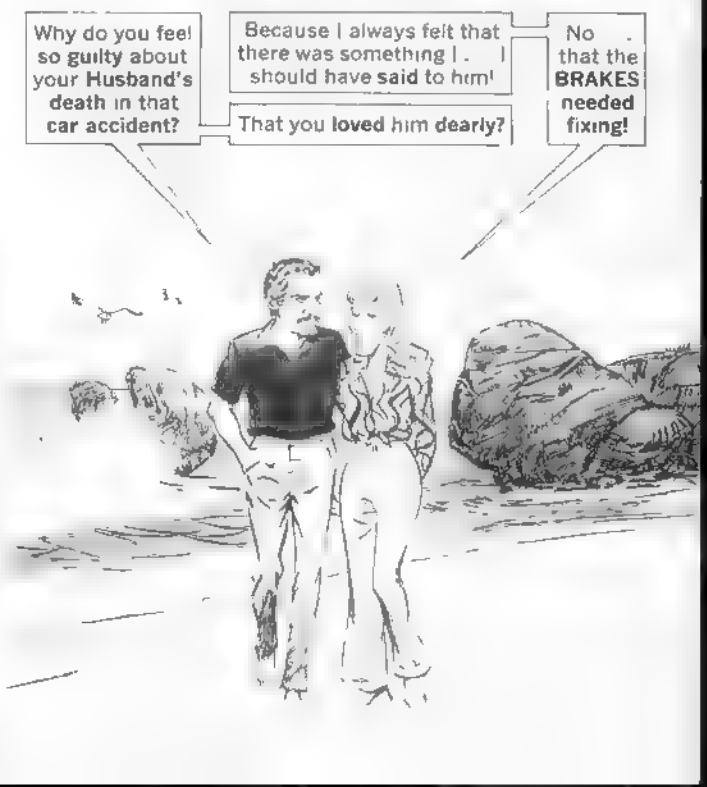
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES



MY-RED SEED

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Then, after my Husband died, I had an affair with the Senior Air Attaché, Wretched Pitterpat, and I felt even more guilty!

But that is ridiculous! There are many women who have affairs after their Husbands die!

Ten minutes after??

I hear you're running a security check on a chick!

Who told you about that chick check?

None of your stinking business! And I wouldn't go poking around, either, lest you make waves and someone discovers your little secret . . . that you're QUEER!!

QUEER?!? I've been married to you for 15 years . . . and I've never slept with anyone else!!

Well . . considering how REPULSIVE I am, wouldn't you call that "QUEER"?

Will we see each other again?

Of course!

Does that mean you are starting to like me?

No it means, I still have ten more Dior gowns to wear!

Open this after you are on the plane!

No . . . it is the key to my apartment! This proves I trust you!

Is it a love letter?

Okay! What's the address?

Sorry! But THAT I cannot trust you with!

Remember this: "No one is to be trusted, nothing is to be believed, and everyone is capable of ANYTHING!"

Then we are a perfect match! I trust everyone, I believe everything, and I'm capable of nothing!

Hmmm! If it weren't for the fact that I disbelieve everything, I would believe you!

Well, I'll be—! It's not a key at all! It's a seed in the shape of a man's head! Then the Tommy-Red Tree really does exist!!

Yeah? How come it's melting in your hand?

Why, that big sneaky Russian so-and-so! He carved an M & M!!

Good evening, Miss Shallow!!

Uh-uh!! Remember Mary Poppins!!

I won't beat around the bush! You were seeing a Russian with great regularity in Barbados, Miss Shallow! I demand to know what your position was with him!

What the—! You scared the sh——

Scared the SHIVERS out of me!

Vertical the entire time . . and get your mind out of the gutter!

I should get MY mind out of the gutter?!

Hello? Where is Boris, my regular Assistant?
I am his replacement! Boris returned home and had an accident! He fell into a tub of scalding water!
That's ridiculous! We dont' even HAVE hot water in Russia!
For him, the Government made an exception!!
General Golitziana, while I was in Barbados, I met a very attractive woman I may be able to recruit!
Does she have a Sister? I'd l ke to do a little recruiting myself!
She's the Confidential Assistant to the nephew of the man in charge of the Ministry of Public Parks!
She's THAT important?!? Did you talk Marxism with her?
Yes . . . and she loves their movies!
What about Lenin?
She likes him, and the rest of the Beatles as well!
Something tells me your mission is going to be a lot harder than you think!
I'm ordering a Black Russian! What wild and whacky drink would you like?
A glass of tea!
Oh, you English are such a bizarre lot!
I decided it would be best if I told my superior, General Golitziana, all about you and the things we did in Barbados!
And what did he say?
z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z!
Jaundice, I have been very patient up to now! When are we going to sleep together?
Sorry! I'm afraid we don't mean that much to each other!
What?! I spend ten pounds on dinner, and you say we don't mean that much to each other?
Besides, I don't think we should see each other again!
Why? Because it is getting dangerous?
That . . . and also I can't keep up this "whirl-wind pace" forever!
I must see you, Miss Shallow! I have a secret message for Fedup Swearedlove!
Quick! Read it to me!
It says . . . "aissuR ot nruter uoy dluohs secnatsmucric on rednU"
It must be in some sort of secret code!
Not exactly! You're reading it upsidedown!
It says, "Under no circumstances should you return to Russia"!
What are you going to do?
Well, my contact, Mr. Loaded, is conveniently out of town, so I'll have to call my ex-lover, Wretched Pitterpat . . .
Will that help Mr. Swearedlove?
I'm not sure! But it will sure help me! I love talking about my new lovers with my old lovers!

Did you see my lighter?

You mean this one, with the hidden camera?

Hidden camera?! Why, don't be ridiculous! Now give me back my lighter! I have to photograph some important secrets today!

You're that Communist spy!! You're the Red they call "Blue"!!

And I'd keep it a secret if I were you—unless you'd like to end up two colors yourself . . . black & blue!

CLICK

But I tell you, this man needs political asylum!

WHAT man?

I can't tell you! But he's willing to trade it for some important secrets!

WHAT secrets?

I can't tell you! But he's in danger!

WHAT danger?

I can't tell you! But will you help me?

HELP you? I don't even know the problem!!

Forget it! You always were a stickler for details!

Swearedlove is to be watched every minute! He has become SUSPECT!

Do you suspect his patriotism?

No, his virility! He's been seeing that English woman for ten days and ten nights now . . . and he STILL hasn't scored!!

Okay! What is it you want?

I want political asylum, lifetime security, and a safe, isolated place to live!

Sorry, but San Clemente is already occupied! Besides, what will you give us in return for this asylum?

I will give you the name of the man in the British government who's been supplying top secret information to my government! We call him "Blue"!

You—you call him "BLUE"?!?

We Russians have many secrets . . . but little imagination!

Okay, agreed! Now, two men followed you here! It would be bad if they saw us leave together!

What are we going to do?

Listen, I've worked out a wild, crazy scheme . . but it just might work! You two go out the door first, and turn left . . . and then I'll go out the door a few minutes later, and turn right!

That's a wild, crazy scheme?!

In this film, yes!

General, I must take the Shallow woman back to Barbados again! I feel she is almost ready to come over to my side!!

I thought you already went to bed with her!

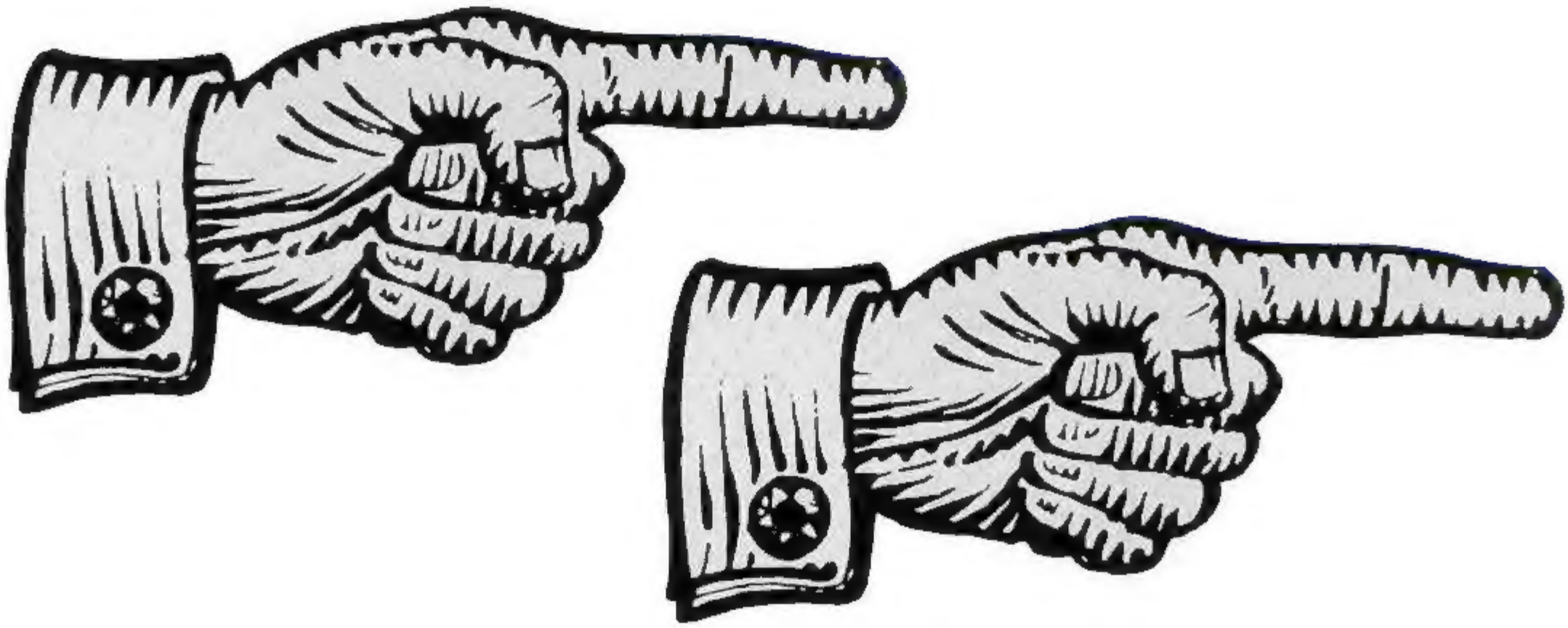
I did! But so far, she hasn't come over to my side!

Good evening, Comrade! I want to see the most secret of all the most secret files—file 33!
Oh, you mean the "Blue File"!
Will someone please get the "Blue File?"
Okay, who's got the "Blue File?"
It's over there, lying on the table!
Er . . . I won't sign for this top secret file because I'm not taking it out!
That's okay! We're going to close soon, anyway! When you're done with it, slip it under the door!
I'm going swimming!
It's too dangerous! Mr. Loaded says you must stay right here! Besides, you can't let the "Blue File" out of your sight!
Don't worry! I won't! I've got it tucked inside my swim trunks!
You know, we're almost on to the Russian Agent they call "Blue"! Wouldn't it be funny if it turned out to be someone we both knew!!
Er . . I get the feel ng .t would only be funny to ONE of us!
PRAVDA
MOSCOW 3-0 OVER MINSK
SOVIET HER
ARRESTED
Well?? Are you coming swimming with me, my dear?
I told you . . you are not to leave the house!
But you won't come to bed with me and I am a MAN!! If I cannot have YOU, then I need something ELSE warm and loveable!
How about a Snoopy Doll?
Oh, can I?!? Can I really? A big, soft cuddly plush Snoopy Doll?!?
Er . . tell me that part about being a MAN again??
LOVE TAP
We've checked out all the flights in the vicinity of Barbados and there's nothing suspicious! Just one private jet with five men, some guns and a case of explosives!
But they're over a hundred miles from Barbados, which means that Swearedlove and M ss Shallow are at least three hours out of harm's way . . . even with the high speed motor cruiser they immediately chartered!
You know, Jaundice, dear! I am terribly frustrated because I cannot have you!
And I am terribly frustrated too, Fedup!
Because you cannot have ME?
No, because the movie's been running for two hours already, and I haven't sung ONE SONG!
Well, at least we DID sleep in the same bed together! But did you notice, we weren't actually shown making love!!
How can two people make love when they're in bed FULLY DRESSED?!?

Hey, you lovers in there! We've got something for you! Cocktails for two!
Yeah . . . Molotov Cocktails for two!!
They must be AMERICAN tourists! They're always so rowdy!
Listen to this: "A Russian tourist and a British girl were trapped in a Barbados bungalow yesterday when it was gutted by fire following several huge explosions and scattered shots and gunfire. Police blame the fire on a defective toaster plug."
Now the big question is: Did the file burn too . . . because if it didn't, Blue has a black mark on his white record!
. . . And if Maggot doesn't shut her mouth, she's going to see her red blood all over the green carpet!
Where can I find Jaundice Shallow?
Why . . . she's over there . . . signing autographs!
I've come to give you this, Jaundice! It's a note! Open it!
It—it's a Tommy-Red Seed! But, where did you get this . . . ?
Yes . . . Fedup is not dead! After this, his ACTING CAREER may be dead, but he's ALIVE!
Oh, Fedup! I thought you were dead! Now, we can be together always!
Dear Jaundice! At long last, the frustration is finally over, isn't it . . . ?
Oh, yes!!
THE HILLS ARE ALIVE . . . WITH THE SOUND OF MUSIC!!
Well, that takes care of HER frustration! God knows what I'm to do for MINE!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT SPECIAL-INTEREST GROUP IS BENEFITING MOST FROM OUR JAMMED COURTS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Despite the fact that courts all over the country are operating under the pressure of long waiting-lists, there is one special-interest group which is actually profiting from this overcrowded situation. To find out which group, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE NATION'S JAMMED COURT CALENDARS HAVE THE TENDENCY TO SUBVERT JUSTICE. THIS CAN SPELL FINIS INDUBITABLY TO OUR CHERISHED DUE PROCESS SOPHISTRY

A▶ ◀B

WHAT SPECIAL-INTEREST GROUP IS BENEFITING MOST FROM OUR JAMMED COURTS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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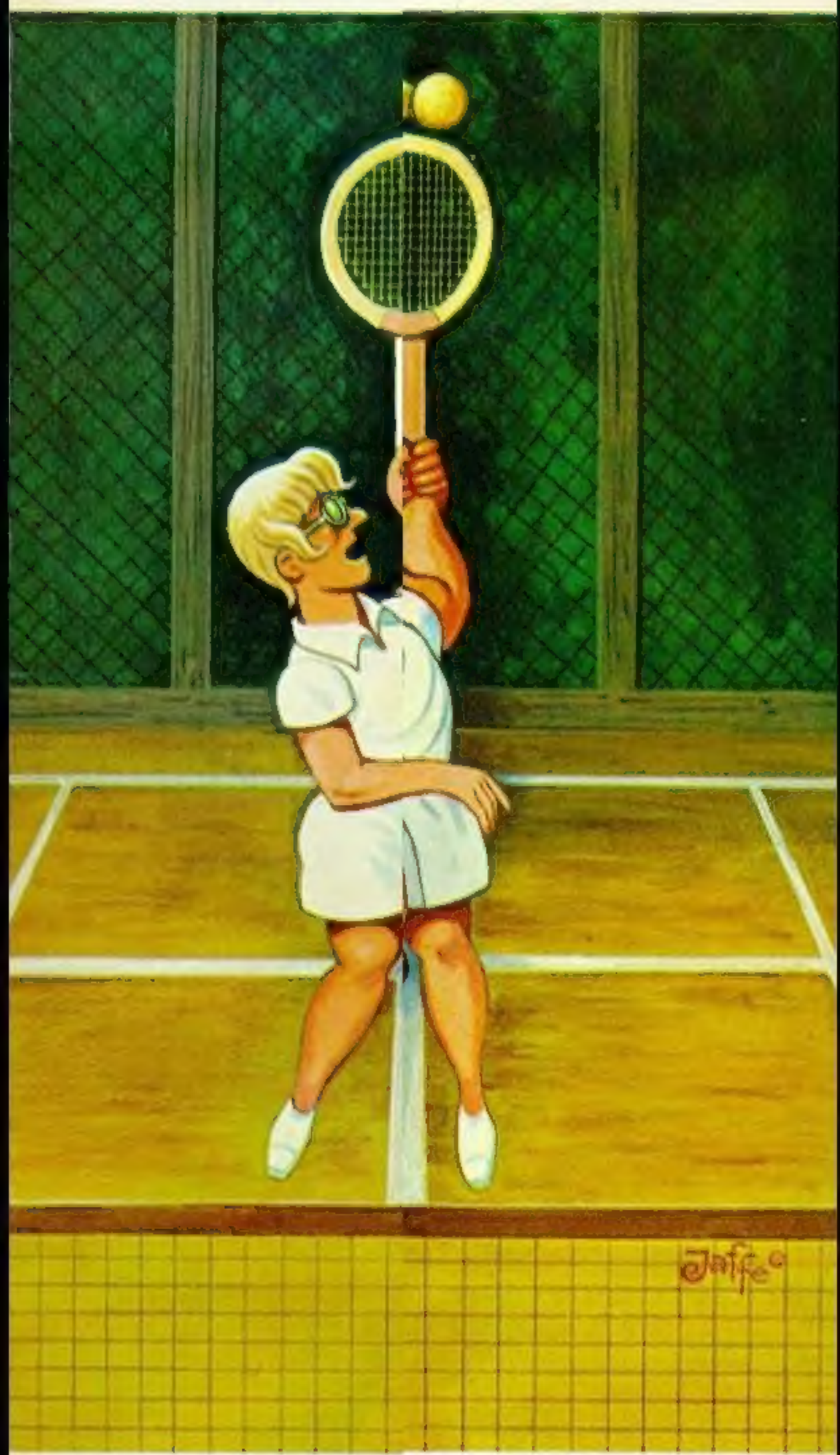

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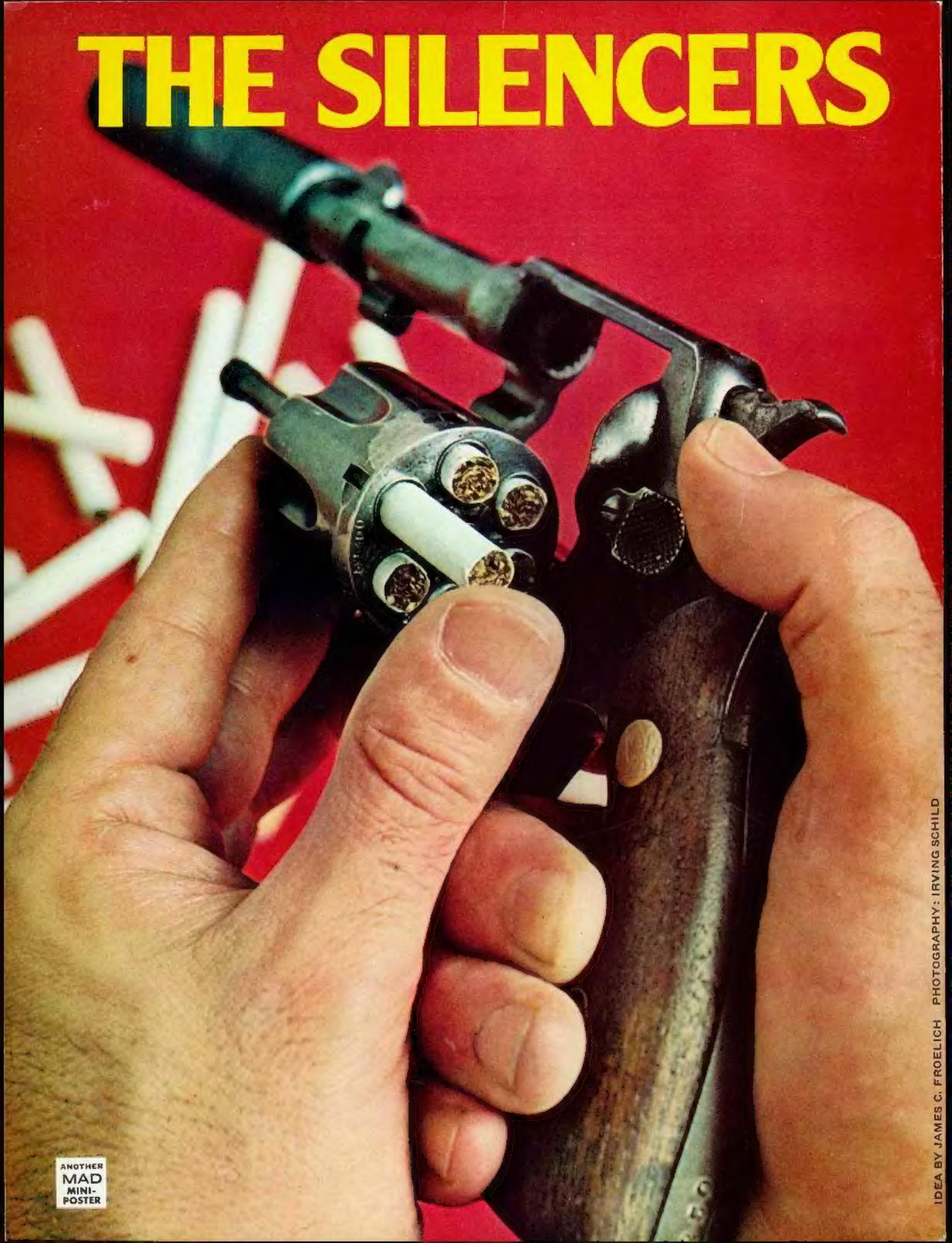

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